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Twenty Years on an Island!

The canoe was soon launched, and though the waves were still running high, Philip entered it and was rowed out to the wreck.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN IN THE CLOAK—THE SAILOR IN THE TOILS—THE PLOT.

On a cold, frosty November night, some five-and-twenty years ago, a tall man in a dark cloak entered a well-known dance house in one of the lower streets of New York City, and took a position where he could see all that was going on without himself attracting any particular attention.

But unlike the others present, he seemed particularly desirous of concealing his features from

being seen, drawing his hat well down over his coat collar up about his ears.

He seemed to take no notice whatever of the broken wrecks of women who mingled so freely among the inmates of the place. But the half-drunken sailors appeared to interest him, as he kept his eye on several that passed near where he was sitting, one burly tar in particular.

He seemed half drunk, and a stout, brazen-faced woman appeared to be anxious to make him drunker still, as she kept asking him every few minutes to treat her.

The man in the cloak noticed that the woman gave the barkeeper a signal every time they approached the bar, and that the mixer of the drinks gave her a harmless potation while plying the sailor with the strongest liquor he had.

Suddenly the sailor discovered that he had been robbed of his money, as he could not find a cent in his pockets with which to pay for the last drinks the woman had called for.

The barkeeper looked incredulous, saying:

"That won't go down here, Jack."

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed the sailor, "you saw me have money in my flipper when on deck just now."

"Come away from here, friend," whispered the stranger in the cloak, "or you'll be worse than robbed. This is no place for you."

"Steer the way, commodore, and I'll follow. This port is full of sharks."

The stranger led the way out and the half sobered sailor followed him.

Out on the street the man took the sailor's arm and walked him briskly away from the vicinity of the dance house.

"What ship do you belong?" asked the man.

"The good ship *Aurora*, and we sail in two weeks. I'm the bo's'n, sir."

"Well, then bo's'n, I've got a young man I want you to take to sea with you when you go, which, if you do, will pay you better than any voyage ever did."

"Avast there!" growled the sailor, "what ails the lad?"

"Wine and women," replied the man. "They are ruining him. "I've tried to persuade him to go to sea. Now if you can get him to sea with you I will give you 1000 dollars cash before you sail."

"I'll do it, commodore."

"All right. Give me your hand.

"There's my flipper, sir," and the sailor shook hands with him heartily.

"What is your name?" the man asked.

"Ben Bowles, sir."

"Well, Ben, come with me," and he led him towards the City Hall, where they entered an hotel and took a private room.

The stranger laid aside his hat and cloak, revealing to Bowles a tall, well preserved man of perhaps fifty years of age, whose iron-grey mustache gave him a half military appearance.

"Now, Bowles," said the man, "I am not going to give you my name to night. That has nothing to do with the business on hand. I have a nephew who will go to the dogs if he remains in this city any longer. He drinks to excess, though he does not look like a hard drinker, and gambles away his money. If I can get him to go to sea for two or three years on board a vessel where drinking would not be allowed, I think he would be reformed. Now he won't go to sea voluntarily. He hates the sea. But I have heard that seamen are often carried aboard ship just before sailing, dead drunk, and make good sailors after getting out of port."

"Ay—ay, sir; so they do."

"You can do this thing for me for $1,000, can you?"

"Ay—ay, sir."

"Here, then, is the money you lost to-night. You had better remain here at this hotel to-night instead of going back to the ship. I will pay for this room for you for two weeks, so you can meet me here. I will see you again to-morrow night, and have the young man with me so you can see him."

Bowles remained at the hotel, and the man drew his cloak about his head and shoulders so as to prevent recognition, and passed out upon the street of the great city.

CHAPTER II.

DRUGGED AND KIDNAPPED.

"'ALL that a man hath will he give for his life,'" repeated the man in the cloak, as he walked across the City Hall park towards Broadway. "I hold my reputation as dear as my life. Philip Peyton will demand his legacy on the day he is twenty-one years old. To pay it then would involve me in financial ruin, so that nothing will be left to his sister, who will claim hers in three years. To have the world point the finger of scorn at me, and call me 'thief,' 'defaulter' and such names, would be worse than death to me. No—no, Philip must be gotten out of the way for two or three years, by which time I shall be able to make millions on the investments I have made. He hates me, but Nellie loves me as a father, for I have been kind and indulgent to her. She would listen to explanations, and wait—wait for years, but not so with him. You must go to sea, Philip Peyton, for two or three years, after which time your fortune will be waiting for you."

The man hailed a carriage, and was driven rapidly up Broadway to Madison square, where he alighted and walked up Madison avenue to his residence, a handsome four-story, brown-stone house, whose surroundings showed the wealth and social position of its owner.

He entered the house and went direct to his library, where a light was burning low.

Throwing off his cloak, he seated himself before the glowing grate, and gazed intently at the red coals.

"Why, guardy, is it you?" cried a sweet, girlish voice, and a radiant young creature, some eighteen summers old, ran into the room and stood by his chair.

"Yes, Nellie; I've just come in," he replied.

"I heard you, but didn't know who it was. Where is Philip?"

"I have not seen him to-night. I presume he went to the theater. You know he does not like me, Nellie."

"No, and I'm so sorry, dear guardy, for you have been a kind father to both of us." And she put her round white arm around his neck, and laid her dimpled cheek close to his. "But Philip is not bad, guardy, and he will appreciate you as I do some day."

"I hope so, Nellie," and he took the fresh young face between his hands and kissed it in a fatherly manner. "You are a dear, good girl, and never give me any trouble. I shall give him his legacy when he reaches his majority, which will be in about three weeks, and then he will be his own master."

"Why, he told me this morning he didn't believe you could pay him the half of it!" exclaimed Nellie, in joyful surprise.

"He did!" and the guardian turned pale as he looked at the young ward, whose face he still held between his hands. "Then I hope he has not been so indiscreet as to utter such words to anybody else, for it would be doing me an injustice. He should wait until I fail to do so, and then denounce me."

"Oh, I *know* he has never spoken a word to anybody else about it," said Nellie, "for I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself for what he said to me."

"Well, don't speak harshly to him. On his birthday I will surrender my trust to him, and then he can do as he pleases."

Nellie then kissed her guardian good-night, and retired to her own apartment, leaving him alone in the library.

"She will tell him my words," he muttered, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, "and that will disarm any suspicion that may be lurking in his mind. It was a lucky thought, and I am glad she came in. She is a fine girl, and would make a good wife. If my investments fail me I'll marry her. I've been a widower now seven years, and I wouldn't mind having a pretty young thing like her for a wife."

He remained in the library for over an hour after his ward had left him, looking over some important papers. He then retired.

At the breakfast table young Philip Peyton asked him in the presence of his sister Nellie:

"I am in pressing need of $100 to-day, Mr. Thorne. Can you do me the favor of letting me have that much this morning?"

"Certainly, Philip, and more too, if you really need it," he responded, blandly. "I will give you your $100,000 on your birthday."

"Thank you, I only need $100 to-day, though if you can double it I would like to have it."

"Oh, yes, of course," and Mr. Thorne finished his breakfast, went into the library, filled out a check for $200, signed his name to it and then carried it to him.

"Here's a check for $200, Philip," he said, handing the young man the check. "Let me caution you again not to spend your money foolishly, as the largest fortune can dwindle away under constant leakage."

Philip took the check without making any reply, and put it in his pocket.

He had spent money lavishly while at college, and was, therefore, used to lectures on economy from his trustee.

A few minutes later he left the house, taking a down town stage at Madison Square.

Philip Peyton was no better nor worse than the average wealthy young New Yorker. He had his faults—his vices and his virtues; sometimes one and then the other predominated.

Among his acquaintances he was considered a jolly good fellow, and had many friends who often indiscreetly led him into convivial excesses.

He it was whom Sidney Thorne had bargained with Ben Bowles, the burly sailor, to carry away to sea for two or three years.

On going down town, Mr. Thorne called at the hotel and met the stalwart sailor just as he was sallying out on the street.

"Where now, Bowles?" he asked, catching the sailor by the arm.

"Good morning, commodore!" greeted Ben, saluting him sailor fashion. "I'm going for a little sea-room and some sea hash."

"Is your head clear this morning?"

"Ay, sir, clear as a bell."

"You remember everything that occurred last night, do you?"

"Ay, sir, that I do."

"See your captain to-day, then, and tell him you have secured a good man for the next cruise."

"Ay, sir."

"Meet me here to-night, and I will arrange the plot for you."

"Ay, sir."

Thorne then went to his office, and Bowles strolled down to his ship to astonish his captain and first mate by turning up perfectly sober.

He informed them that he had found a good hand to take the place of one of the men who would leave the ship.

"Have him on hand in time, then," said the captain. "We will sail five days sooner than expected, as we have orders to load for Calcutta at once."

Time passed on, and the night before the day the *Aurora* was to sail, came.

Philip Peyton was at home at tea, but said he had an engagement to meet a friend at Delmonico's, at 8 o'clock.

Nellie played and sang for him at the piano, and a servant brought in some wine.

Nellie never drank, but Mr. Thorne and Philip each drank a glass.

One glass contained a few drops of a whitish liquid, and the other nothing but wine.

A few moments after drinking the wine, Philip left the house, and an hour later Mr. Thorne left, wending his way leisurely down town.

Philip Peyton had not gone two blocks from the house when he began to reel and stagger like a drunken man.

"B'lieve I'm drunk a—hic—gain," he muttered, staggering up against the iron railing of a residence.

"Ship ahoy!" hailed a hearty sailor voice, and the next moment Philip felt himself supported by a pair of strong arms.

"Been sipping your grog, mate?" asked the sailor.

"Little—hic—wine," muttered Philip, still retaining consciousness.

"Come aboard and I'll land you safe enough," and the last thing he recollected was of being assisted along by somebody.

Bowles carried him to a place on the Bowery, where, in a room he had already secured, he undressed him and put on him a sailor suit complete, putting his watch, money and cigar case in the pockets of the new suit.

He then hurried him out, and placing him in a carriage, was driven down to the dock where the *Aurora* lay ready to sail at daylight.

Placing him on board in an empty berth, he

hastened back to the hotel to meet Thorne and get his reward.

Thorne was there waiting for him, and in five minutes he was on his way back to the ship with his $1,000 in his pocket.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM AT SEA AND THE WRECK.

WHEN he came to himself the next day Philip Peyton was lying in a berth more sick than he ever remembered being before.

He seemed to be rolling in bed without understanding where he was or what ailed him.

"Ah, how sick I am!" he groaned. "I could throw up my very insides! What in the world was it I drank that made me so sick? Ugh! why, the room turns up sideways. Where the deuce am I, anyway? Why, hanged if I haven't got on a sailor shirt and pants!" and being now thoroughly frightened as well as sick, he sprang up and began to grope around, staggering about with the motions of the ship like any other landlubber would have done under the circumstances.

At last he found his way on deck, and gazed around in the most unfeigned astonishment.

No land was in sight, and the ship was bowling before a good breeze with every yard of canvas spread.

"Well, my man," said the captain, approaching, "have you gotten over your cruise ashore yet?"

"I don't understand you, sir," said Philip. "I never made a cruise in my life, and would like to know where I am now."

Before the captain could make any reply, Philip rushed to the ship's side and yielded to the temptations of the sea, completely emptying his stomach of everything he had drank or eaten during the last three days.

The captain only smiled, and thought the new hand had been dosed with very bad whiskey, as was frequently the case with sailors in port after a long voyage, and concluded to let him alone until he was well over it.

"How's your binnacle light now, mate?" Bowles, the bo's'n, asked, coming around where he was after the captain had left him.

"Hang the binnacle light!" growled Philip, "I'm sick."

"Take a nip of grog, mate, and lie down again."

"Give me something! Lord, how sick I am!"

The bo's'n mixed him a glass of grog, and then assisted him back to his berth.

He felt better then, and asked the old salt:

"Where am I?"

"On shipboard, mate, bound for Calcutta and the South Sea Islands."

"My God! How did I get on board of this ship?"

"You came aboard with me full up to the hatchway with grog."

"I don't remember anything about it," said Philip, trying in vain to jog his memory.

"A man brought you here and said you had signed articles and wanted to go aboard. You were groggy, but I towed you aboard, and here you are."

Philip was thunderstruck.

He had often read of such things, but did not believe the stories, thinking them simply sea yarns.

"Will you please send the captain here?" he finally asked.

"Ay, of course;" and Bowles immediately went on deck to the captain and reported to him that the new hand wanted to see him.

"Captain," he said, "how came I on board your ship?"

"You came aboard drunk with the bo's'n last night," replied the captain.

"So he told me just now. Something is wrong here, captain. I never was on board a ship before in my life."

"What! You are not a seaman?" exclaimed the captain, himself astonished.

"No, sir. Never was at sea in my life."

"We have both been imposed upon," said the captain, "and I am sorry for it. I am short of hands, so you will have to do the best you can till we reach Calcutta, where you can take a steamer for London and thus get back home."

Philip was in despair, but could do nothing.

What could he do?

The bo's'n became his fast friend, and offered to teach him to be a sailor, and under his instructions he soon became a pretty fair seaman.

But at times he bewailed his misfortune with tears and groans, racking his brain as to whom he was indebted for this sudden switching off of his course.

Weeks and months passed, and Ben and Philip became fast friends.

In the course of time they rounded Cape Horn, and then the *Aurora* sailed into the limitless waters of the South Pacific Ocean.

Here they were becalmed for many weeks at a time, and then a breeze sprang up that sent them bowling along for several weeks more.

Then they became calmed again, and for days not a ripple broke the mirror-like bosom of the ocean.

Every sail was set to catch any puff of wind that might come, and all hands were wishing for a spanking breeze to send them again careering through the water like a thing of life.

Suddenly the bo's'n piped all hands on deck to furl sail and put the ship in condition to meet rough weather.

Philip was astonished.

Not a cloud was seen.

On the contrary the sun was shining burning hot, and the sky had a brassy look that foreboded anything else but a storm.

But the barometer in the captain's cabin was telling a fearful tale, and the experienced captain lost no time preparing for the worst.

Soon a little harmless-looking black cloud began to rise up in the southeast, and Philip saw the sailors look at it suspiciously.

He was astonished at the growth of that cloud.

It seemed to roll up like a huge black mountain, and though not a breath of air seemed to touch his cheek, yet the ocean began to moan in a way he had never seen before.

The black, mountainous cloud rolled up higher and higher, and now long, fiery tongues of lightning shot out of it like fiery serpents.

A long, white line on the surface of the water was seen directly under the cloud, and the bo's'n said to him:

"There it comes! That white line is the foam of the sea lashed by the wind. Keep your feet, mate, and don't let go a rope. If you can't hold on lash yourself to the rigging."

The staunch vessel plunged forward, as through an ocean of seething, snowy foam, her bow at times dipping completely out of sight under water.

Huge waves dashed over the deck, and would have swept him away, but for the timely advice given him by Bowles.

The captain gave his orders through a trumpet, but Philip could understand nothing he said, and proceeded to lash himself to the rigging for safety.

Hour after hour passed, and night came on.

He could not see his hand before his face, yet wave after wave dashed over the doomed ship in rapid succession, and two of the seamen were swept overboard.

Daylight found the storm unabated, and the ship leaking.

Suddenly land ahead was seen, and the ship was making dead against it; to turn would be to throw the ship into the trough of the sea, when all would be lost in an instant.

"We are lost!" yelled the bo's'n in Philip's ear, and then the sailors untied themselves for the purpose of battling with the waves when the crash came.

But Philip, stunned by the horror of the situation, remained lashed to the rigging, and glared at the low beach against which the ship was plunging at a fearful speed.

The waves were running high and swiftly upon the beach, covering it with a sheet of white foam.

Suddenly the crash came.

Timbers creaked, and the masts went overboard with a terrific tearing away of rigging, and the next moment the sea seemed to arise up and engulf her, sweeping her from stem to stern with relentless fury, carrying every soul overboard except poor Philip, who was still securely lashed.

But he was more drowned than alive, yet when he drew his breath again, and opened his eyes, he was alone in the midst of the roaring storm, and the seething, shrieking, boiling waters around him.

CHAPTER IV.

WRECKED ON AN ISLAND.

Poor Philip remained lashed to the rigging, while the merciless waves dashed over him about twice a minute for hours.

The gale suddenly ceased. When the waves ceased to dash over the deck of the ship Philip ventured to cut himself loose from the rigging, and went in search of something to eat.

He soon found plenty, and ate with the voracity of a wolf. When he had eaten enough, and drank some brandy which he found in a bottle in the steward's room, he went again upon deck.

He was surprised to find the land much nearer than when the ship first struck, and he gazed at the white beach with no little surprise.

He searched everywhere in the ship for some of the crew, calling each one by name from the captain down; but only the sound of his own voice and the sullen moaning of the sea answered him.

"My God!" he exclaimed at last, "this is awful! Where can they be? They surely are not all drowned."

He paced the deck in an agony of suspense. At last he raised the hatch and found lumber enough in the hold to make a good raft, and he set about doing so at once, cutting rope enough from the rigging to lash it together.

It then required all his strength to push it overboard, which he finally did, securing it by a rope.

Then finding several spades in the hold, part of an assorted cargo, he took one and let himself down on to the raft.

The spade made a very good oar, and enabled him to make the beach in a few minutes.

"This must be an island," he said, after thinking intently for some time. "If there are any people on it I am in a bad fix, for I have nothing to defend myself with. There are guns and pistols aboard, and here I am with only this spade."

He hastened down to the water, got upon his raft again, and pushed off for the ship.

He reached it in safety, tied the raft fast to the vessel and scrambled aboard.

The search for pistols, guns, knives and ammunition at once commenced, and his patience was rewarded by finding quite an abundant supply on hand

Night coming on he proceeded to prepare something to eat. He had found several cases of sardines and other canned goods, on which he feasted till he was satisfied.

He tried to sleep in the captain's berth, but the thought that the good captain was lying under the sand within rifle shot of him drove sleep from his eyes.

Unable to stand it longer, he got up and went up on deck.

It was a balmy tropical night, and the stars made it so light that he could see objects on shore quite away up the hill.

"Oh, God!" he groaned, as he paced the deck, "I am doomed to a hermit's life on this island, and may never see a human face again. There may be some savages on the land for all I know, and

He paced the deck until his eyes grew heavy, and he retired again to the captain's room and threw himself on the bed.

So exhausted was he, in both mind and body, that he soon fell into a heavy sleep, from which he never awoke till high noon of the next day.

He rose up, rubbed his eyes and looked around. A feeling of utter loneliness came over him, and he burst into tears, weeping like a child for over an hour.

When somewhat calmer he went up on deck and found the sea placid and the sun blazing hot overhead.

"My Heaven! what oppressive solitude!" he groaned, and then went down into the steward's room in search of something to eat.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLORING THE ISLAND.

SOON after eating his breakfast, Philip armed himself with a knife, brace of revolvers, and a double-barrelled gun, and went ashore to look about and ascertain something of his surroundings.

"If there are any savages on this island," he said, "I want to know it. I'd rather be one of them, if they wouldn't take a notion to eat me

Reaching the beach, he pulled his little raft as high upon the sands as he could, and then set out to explore the island, if island it was.

He toiled steadily up the hill in the broiling sun, keeping his wits about him to prevent surprise from man or beast. With the gun cocked and ready for instant use he felt quite sure that he could hold his ground against any one or two foes of whatever nature.

But this walking up hill and watching in every direction at once under a tropical sun soon told on him. He was melted down, almost prostrated.

Seeing a tree that afforded a shade, he went to it and threw himself down on the ground underneath it.

He looked up at the tallest treo and said:

"That looks as though it could afford me a good lookout. I used to be good at climbing, so I'll try to get up there."

Leaning his gun carefully against another tree, but retaining his knife and pistols, which he placed in his belt behind, he commenced climbing up towards the towering branches. In his youth he was an active climber, and his six months' experience as a sailor had developed still greater abilities in that line.

Patiently toiling upwards he soon reached the first branches, after which his ascent was comparatively easy.

"Just as I expected!" he exclaimed, on reaching the topmost branches. "It is an island, and not a very large one at that. There can't be any people on it, or there would be smoke from some of their settlements. Phil Peyton, you're doomed, and may as well make the best of it."

Descending from the tree, he took up his gun and started off for the ship again, making a short cut through some timber, reaching the spot about sunset.

To his surprise, the tide had left the raft high and dry, and all his strength was inadequate to the task of drawing it into the water, so he had to content himself with waiting for the return of the tide.

While lying there on the beach pondering on the strange circumstances that had dropped him out of the world, as he practically was, the thought came suddenly to his mind that another storm like the one which had wrecked the *Aurora*, would utterly destroy what had been left of her.

"Where would I be then?" he exclaimed, in dismay, springing to his feet and gazing at the black hull, as it loomed up from its bed in the sand, only a few fathoms out from the beach, with an affection he had never felt before. "Everything is on board—enough to live on for a lifetime—and I haven't done anything to secure or save a single article for future use."

The thought that he was in danger of losing what was left of the ship rendered him extremely nervous, and he paced up and down the beach in great agitation for hours, as he waited for the return of the tide.

"Yes—yes, I must get everything out of her that I can before she goes to pieces, which she will be sure to do in the next storm. I'll go to work, to-morrow, and take out everything, and carry them up on the beach."

The tide came up to the raft about midnight, and he hastened on board to get something to eat, for his tramp had made him both tired and hungry.

CHAPTER VI.

SETTLING A HOME.

THE steward's room afforded something to eat, and pretty soon he was ready to retire, having fully satisfied his hunger.

He slept in the captain's room that night, and arose early the next morning to set about saving the cargo of the ship. Making a breakfast of canned meats and fruits, he again armed himself and went ashore, determined to find some place where he could store the goods.

About an eighth of a mile to the east of where the ship lay, he observed a very abrupt elevation scarcely a hundred fathoms from the beach. He resolved to visit that point the first thing.

It was fortunate he did.

He found that the little spring branch ran by the foot of the elevation and entered the sea just below it, making quite a little inlet

By going up the stream a little distance he crossed to the other side and went up the side of the hill. There were evidences of volcanic convulsions all about the place; rocks were rented assunder, and a fissure in the side of the hill emboldened him to enter.

No sooner had he entered than he saw that the entire hill was a mere shell—hollow inside and with quite a smooth floor.

He was astonished at what he saw, and mystified at what he could not see. The darkness prevented him from seeing very far within; but the dryness of the air told him that it was of no very great depth.

"This is the place," he said. "This narrow entrance would enable me to hold it against a hundred men. If I can only get that life boat back into the water I could fill it and row to within fifty feet of this cave. This is my home."

He was so elated at what he had discovered that he hastened back to the ship and began to hunt for rope enough to reach to the life boat high up on the beach. This he soon found, for every ship carries an immense quantity of rope.

Tying one end to the capstan he went ashore with the other and fastened it to the life boat.

Then going aboard again, he seized a handspike, thrust it into the sockets of the capstan, and began to turn.

"Ah, now I have you!" he cried, as the boat began to move slowly towards the water. "I'll launch you soon, now!"

After several hours of hard work he succeeded in getting the boat into the water, and right side up, over which he grew quite jubilant.

Drawing it along side he secured it to the ship, and then set about making a pair of oars. The ship-carpenter's tools were handy, and there was plenty of timber aboard for the purpose. It was late in the night when he finished them, and then he went to bed, sleeping soundly after the hardest day's work he had done since the wreck.

The next morning he was up betimes, and went in search of the bills of lading, which he found in the captain's drawers. He also found several hundred dollars in gold there.

"This is lawful prize," he said. "But of what use is it to me now? It can't buy me a piece of bread or a drink of water. But I'll store you away with the other things."

The bills of lading showed that the ship's cargo was a strangely assorted one, containing arms, ammunition, hardware, groceries and provisions in the greatest abundance. He hardly knew which to commence on first, but at last thought he ought to get the arms and ammunition out first, as they might be needed in self-defense.

When he found the cases of arms he saw that they were too heavy for him to move.

"I see I must make two ladders," he said, after considerable reflection, "one to go down into the hold and the other over the ship's side to the boat."

The carpenter's bench was again visited, and two days were spent in making two good ladders, one of which he swung over the ship's side, and the other down into the hold.

On the completion of his ladders he went to work, getting the arms and ammunition upon deck. This took him a whole day, for there were about sixty guns and a large amount of powder, ball and shot.

These he lowered into the boat the next day, and rowed around into the little inlet, where he deposited them in the cave. Then he returned and commenced removing hundreds of cases of canned meats, fish, fruits, etc., of which there seemed an endless quantity. These he carried boat load after boat load off to the cave, and still the supply seemed inexhaustible.

Besides provisions he carried ropes, pulleys, and numerous other things belonging to the ship which he thought might be useful in the course of time. Thus he worked days, weeks and months, piling up thousands of boxes in the cave, including hundreds of cases of fine brandy, which he placed in a separate place to themselves.

Bringing the ship's lamps to the cave and all the oil on board, he was enabled to examine the cave, which proved to be even smaller than he expected. It was about twice the ship's length in depth and twice as wide.

By the aid of the lamps he assorted the different cases, piling up each to themselves. The sardines, lobsters, and canned meats together: canned jellies, pickles, and sweatmeats together; the fruits, teas, coffees, etc., in a lot, and so on.

"Poor Robinson Crusoe had not so much," said Philip, wiping the perspiration from his face, "and yet he was happier than I. Here I have all the comforts the ship could afford, and yet I am the most miserable of men. If I only had a companion to talk to I could stand it."

One day it occurred to Philip that he ought to remove the ship's casks to the cave and keep them filled with fresh water in case of a seige, and he set about doing so. But he found the casks too large for the entrance and so had to abandon the idea.

Not very far from the entrance to the cave Philip made his bed on a pile of boxes which he had arranged for that purpose, bringing all the bedding from the ship and making it nice and soft. He could lie there and look through the opening out at the placid sea that washed the beach a hundred fathoms away. One day he came in and went direct to the bed and placed his hand upon it. To his horror he found it warm, as though some one had been lying there and had vacated it on his entrance.

The thought made his hair rise on an end, and he drew his revolver, glaring around in search of the intruder.

CHAPTER VII.

IN A HOLE.

THE discovery that some other one than himself had been occupying his bed, and that other one an unknown mystery, caused poor Philip to feel all the pangs of suspense that human nature could endure.

Drawing his revolver, he rushed out of the cave resolved to unravel the mystery and dispute the sovereignty of the island with whomsoever he should meet.

"It must be some native savage," he kept saying to himself as he turned to go in the direction of the hill that overlooked nearly the whole island. "If so, he will come again; maybe with help to take possession of my cave. By the Lord Harry, but I must devise some way of barricading the entrance. I could make 'em sick with all those arms in there if I had some way of keeping them out. Maybe I had better go back and see about it before they come back."

Phil hastened back with all speed, and rushed into the cave.

As he did so, he heard a noise of something rushing past him, and turning to the light, saw a large goat scampering away as if terror-stricken.

"Sold by a goat!" he exclaimed, running outside and watching the fleeing goat as he scampered off over the hill. "Better a goat than savages. I can get along with goats. But I'll fix up my door, any way," and without further delay he proceeded to so arrange the entrance to the cave that he could swing a large stone around so as to completely close it up except a space about as wide as his fist.

This took him several days to do, but he worked steadily until it was finished. He felt better and safer then.

Having secured his quarters, he took his spyglass, gun and pistol, and started up over the hill again in search of new discoveries.

As the sun was low down in the west he bethought him of returning to his home in the cave.

But before leaving he concluded to take one more look at old Ocean from the top of the cliff.

Why he wished to do so he could never say, but it seemed as if an irresistible desire to go there had taken possession of him, and he at once started off for the highest point on the rocks.

In less than a half hour he was seated in his favorite place sweeping the horizon with his spy-glass.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and clapped the glass to his eye; removed it an instant later, wiped his eyes and the glass and then brought it to bear in the same direction again.

"By the great sea serpent!" he gasped. "I believe it's a life-boat full of men!" and he held the glass long and steadily in the direction. "There's two of 'em!" he cried, a minute or two later.

An hour passed and the sun began to dip into the water, yet he forgot the five or six mile tramp he would have to make to get back to his home.

He resolved to watch those two boats, which as they became more plain to the naked eye, proved to be two long canoes, one twice as large as the other.

"The larger one is pursuing the smaller canoe!" said Philip, as he watched the least of the two making frantic efforts to get away from the other, "and they are coming here to this island. By Neptune! but I must give 'em a scare so they will keep away in the future. I'll bet they never heard a gun fire in their lives, and they'll think the devil has got 'em!"

As the sun went down the round full moon arose up out of the bosom of the deep, casting a silvery ray across the water that enabled Peyton to still keep in view the two strange crafts that were so rapidly nearing his island home.

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He could hear the savage shouts of the pursuers, and a little later the splash of oars could be heard.

"They will strike that beach down there," said Philip, looking at the long, white, sandy beach that stretched away for two or three miles on his right.

He hastened down there to conceal himself for the purpose of opening fire upon them should they attempt to land, trusting to the fright of the noise, the flash, and the execution, to drive them away forever.

When he reached the beach the shouts of the savages in the larger canoe were simply appalling to hear.

They were close on to the smaller one when it grated on the sand.

The crew of the latter—some ten or a dozen in number—leaped out and started on a run in his direction.

"It won't do to let 'em run over me!" exclaimed Philip, springing up and holding his double-barreled gun ready for instant use. "I'll meet 'em out on the sand and give 'em a broadside."

So saying he boldly marched out towards them.

They saw him and recoiled in a body, running backwards to the right, keeping their eyes riveted upon him.

Just then the crew of the larger canoe leaped out into the shallow water and started to charge upon the others.

Philip raised his gun and gave them a dose of buckshot.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SAVAGE SUPERSTITION.

PERHAPS it was the first gun that had ever been fired in that part of the world, and the result was something wonderful.

Its echo reverberated back over the hills, and the entire party of savages fell prone to the earth terror-stricken at the flash and report.

Five of the persuers had been hit, one killed outright and another mortally wounded.

They yelled in terror and pain.

Philip gave them the other barrel, and the execution was still more destructive.

With yells of frantic fear the pursuers rushed into their canoe again and pulled away with all their might, leaving three dead and two dying while the smaller crew remained prostrate on the sand like so many dead men.

"Just as I expected," muttered Philip, quickly reloading his gun. "They never heard of such a thing before, and I guess I'm captain of the ship yet."

In a few minutes the long canoe was out of sight and hearing.

"What shall I do with these other fellows?" he asked himself, as he stood and looked at them as they lay there naked on the sandy beach.

Holding his gun in readiness for any emergency, he approached, and called out:

"Say, there, who are you?"

Every savage struck his forehead in the sand and raise his hands above his head.

"By the great serpent, but they are the worst scared lot I ever saw in my life. Here, you fellow, get up here and give an account of yourself!" and he touched the nearest one with his foot.

The savage raised his head and looked up at him, his face expressive of the most abject terror.

Philip at once saw that he had nothing to fear from them, as they believed him to be something supernatural.

"Don't be frightened," he said, "I won't hurt you," and the tone of his voice seemed to reassure the savage, who instantly threw himself prone on the ground again, and taking Philip's foot, placed it on his neck in token of submission.

"Good boy!" chuckled Philip, who was greatly pleased at his easy conquest, and he patted him on the head with his foot.

The savage arose to his knees, uttered something in a jargon that was all Greek to Philip, and the next moment the others commenced crawling forward and placing his foot on their necks in token of submission.

"What wouldn't I give if you could only pipe good English," Philip remarked, as the last one gave his token of submission.

He took the first one by the hand and made him stand up.

The fellow was a handsome, dark-skinned—almost black—savage, straight as an arrow, with regular features, and nearly six feet tall.

The others arose to a sitting posture and gazed at him with mingled awe and astonishment, while Philip motioned to the first one, who appeared to be some kind of chief among them, to go to those who were lying on the beach.

He did so, and on reaching the dead bodies of the five savages, his surprise was unbounded. He could not imagine what killed them, and proceeded to examine them in the moonlight, which was now almost as bright as day.

He was soon joined by the others, while Philip remained stationary, keeping an eye on every movement they made, not knowing how far he could trust them.

They found the wounds on the dead men, and evinced the greatest amazement thereat.

Then, as if fully convinced of his god-like powers, they threw themselves on the sand again, muttering a strange jargon the while, and coming forward, they placed his foot on their necks again.

"I guess you fellows are all right," said Philip, "but I'm blest if I know how to make myself understood. If you could talk like decent Christians I wouldn't mind the situation very much. I guess I had better make you all stay here until we understand each other better."

He motioned to the chief to rise and follow him down to the water's edge, which they did in great fear and trembling.

Then by signs and motions he made them understand that he wanted them to toss the five dead bodies into the water so that they would float out with the tide, which was then beginning to ebb.

The chief looked at his men and said something, and they in turn jabbered back at him.

He then made signs to Philip that they would rather eat them than throw them into the sea.

"Great Neptune!" exclaimed Philip, in extreme disgust, "they are cannibals! I've a good mind to sail in and shoot the entire crew. No, you don't get any of that kind of beef on this island;" and making more emphatic motions with his hands, he made them toss the bodies into the water, which they did with wonderful celerity.

He then made them pull up their canoe high on the sands out of reach of the tide, and marched them off up the hill, intending to take them to his home for the night.

Of course it was a tedious march, but the twelve savages uttered not a word all the way, following in his footsteps as meek as lambs.

On reaching the place it was near midnight, but Philip resolved to give them a good supper of sardines and canned salmon.

But to his astonishment when they had tasted the sardines and salmon they refused to eat it, making wry faces as though the taste was exceedingly offensive to them.

"I don't know what to give you, then," he said, so he concluded to eat heartily himself in order that they might see that it was good to eat.

They watched him with great interest until he was through, and then examined the cans, as if to see what it was he had been eating.

It was very evident that they were very hungry, and as they would eat nothing that had salt in, he resolved to go out and kill a kid for them.

He knew where a flock of wild goats rested generally at night, and, shouldering his gun, took the chief with him.

The others remained behind, keeping their seats like so many silent statues till Philip and the chief returned.

When about a mile from the hill Philip saw the flock of wild goats in the moonlight, quietly sleeping or chewing the cud of contentment and repose. He pointed them out to the chief, who gazed at them and nodded his head approvingly.

Philip singled out a fat kid, raised his gun, aimed and fired.

With the report the chief and the kid fell simultaneously.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Philip, on looking at the motionless figure of the naked savage at his feet. "You are not hurt unless you are scared to death," and taking him by the hand made him rise.

But a worse scared human being he had never before seen.

He trembled from head to foot like a leaf in the wind.

Pointing to the dead kid he made a motion for the chief to go for it.

He readily obeyed, and in a few minutes the dead kid was laid at his feet by the savage, who pointed to the several holes in the kid's head with wondering amazement.

Philip made him take it on his shoulders and follow him back to the hill where the others awaited them.

They built up a fire and proceeded to roast the kid without using any salt.

"Well, go ahead," muttered Philip. "It's your dish, not mine. That would be a little too fresh for me."

When scarcely half done, the twelve savages laid to and devoured it as rapaciously as so many hungry wolves, after which they stretched themselves at full length on the ground and went to sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INVASION AND REPULSE.

PHILIP went inside his 'castle' and secured the fastening to the door, still unwilling to trust himself wholly into their hands.

"They may be all right," he muttered, "but I don't want to take any chances on it just yet."

He rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep, feeling very tired, but the exciting events of the evening had so wrought upon his imagination that he dreamed of fighting an army of savages all night—of holding the island against an innumerable host of them.

When he came out of his castle the next morning he was armed to the teeth, but found them all ready to worship him as a superior being.

Thus days and weeks passed, and Philip soon taught the savages to understand him when he spoke, and he learned their lingo very readily.

He was very careful, though, not to let them understand his power in regard to the powder and ball, as they fully believed he held thunder and lightning in his control.

One day one of the savages came running in greatly excited, crying out:

"Boloo—Boloo—Boloo!" which was the title they had given Philip, "Kailo man come!"

Now Philip had ascertained that the Kailos were a powerful tribe of savages on an island westward of the one from which his twelve savages had come.

He called Tonga, the chief, to his side, and asked what the man meant.

Tonga questioned the fellow and ascertained that a large canoe full of Kailos had landed on the beach only two miles from Lookout Hill.

"Kailo come," said Tonga, turning to Philip. "Boloo kill 'em?"

"Yes—I will destroy them," said Philip, as he understood the situation. "Is it a war party?"

Tonga answered in the affirmative.

"Then we'll give 'em all they want," said Philip, and, going into his armory, selected ten double-barrelled guns, and charged them heavily with buckshot, stuck four pistols in his belt, told Tonga to make his men carry the guns for him, and started down the hill to meet the savages.

The men had been drilled so as not to be frightened at the report of the guns, though Philip had not yet ventured to instruct them in the use of them, lest he should lose his power over them as a superior being.

When he reached the lowlands he met the war party of Kailos coming up the hill in a compact body, a huge, fierce-looking chief leading them, each carrying a war club and a spear.

When they saw Philip and his savage allies they halted, and stared in surprise.

"Tell 'em to surrender," said Philip to Tonga.

Tonga commenced to call out to them in his own tongue which they well understood. But the Kailo chief yelled defiance, and ran forward with his war club raised.

Bang! went Philip's gun, and the Kailo chief rolled on the ground with a dozen buckshot in his breast, at which the Tohaios, Tonga's men, danced and yelled in savage delight.

The Kailos were in a terror of fright.

There were nearly thirty of them; they saw that the superiority of numbers were on their side, so made ready to charge upon Philip and his little band.

Bang! went the other barrel, and down went another, while two more leaped about screaming with pain, each having received a shot or two.

That was more than they could stand.

They turned and fled towards the beach as fast as their heels could carry them.

Philip and Tonga pursued them, bringing down a man every shot.

When they reached the big canoe the tide had receded so far that the few were unable to move it.

Philip mercilessly poured the fatal buckshot into them till all but seven were down.

Tonga and his men then gathered up the war clubs of the dead Kailos, and rushed in for a hand-to-hand fight with them.

CHAPTER X.

CHANGING QUARTERS.

PHILIP left Tonga and his men to finish the fight, and proceeded to reload his pieces.

Tonga and his men met with but little resistance, as the Kailos were too much demoralized to make much of a fight, and in less than five minutes six of the seven men were knocked on the head and left for dead.

The seventh man boldly plunged forward into deep water and swam out of reach of the death dealing clubs.

The sharks alone kept Tonga and his men from persuing him.

"Kill him, Boloo!" cried Tonga, anxious that none should escape to tell the tale.

"No—no," replied Philip, "let the sharks have him," and at that very moment the doomed Kailo gave a shriek and disappeared under the water.

Tonga grinned with savage delight, and knocked a wounded Kailo on the head to finish him. The others then joined hands and formed a ring around Philip, dancing and singing in frantic delight, prostrating themselves on the ground at his feet, and slapping their hands in the sand with great force.

They kept this jollification up for nearly an hour, when Philip, thinking it was getting monotonous, signalled them to cease and listen to him.

"Boloo is the friend of the Tohaios," he said, "and he will kill all their enemies. But you must do as I tell you. Take all those dead Kailos and throw them to the sharks."

Tonga repeated his words in Tohaio lingo, and though they had anticipated the pleasure of eating them, they obeyed with the greatest alacrity.

Securing the war canoe and its oars so that the tide would not carry it away, Philip ordered Tonga and his men to gather up the spears and war clubs of the Kailos and deposit them in a safe place, and then

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follow him back to Lookout Hill, taking all the guns along, which he carefully hung up in his armory again.

That night he ascertained from Tonga why the island was not inhabited. It was because there was but one small fresh water spring on the island, which would not yield water enough for a tribe strong enough to hold it against two or three canoes full of Kailos.

Philip could understand that, and reasoned that this last party of Kailos had come over in search of the Tohaios who had taken refuge there.

"How strong are the Tohaios?" he asked, of Tonga.

"Heap many peoples," he replied. "Kailos heap more."

"Have the Kailos a king?"

"Big chief?" Tonga asked.

"Yes—Big Chief."

Tonga nodded his head iu the affirmative.

"Tohaios—Big Chief?"

"Old chief—head heap white," replied Tonga, sadly. "Kailos kill 'em all."

"How would you like to go back to your people?"

"Boloo go, Tonga go," replied the faithful fellow.

"Then we will go to-morrow," said Philip, "and see the old chief; maybe we go see Kailo. too."

Tonga grinned with inexpressible delight.

The next day Philip gave each man a double barrelled gun to carry, and taking four pistols, a bag of buckshot and a keg of powder, all of which he placed in the war canoe of the Kailos he ordered them to push off.

The Tohaios pulled with a will, for now they were returning to their island home with a hero who would conquer all their enemies and make them once more a great people.

Before the highest trees on his own island had faded from view, Philip saw the green trees of Tohaio, and then knew how it was that in fair weather these savage people could go from island to island in their canoes.

The Tohaios were fine rowers, and never rested until the canoe struck the shore, when they were welcomed by their people in shouts of joy. for they had given up the brave young Tonga as dead..

They crowded around him, eager to listen to his story, which he told in the presence of two or three hundred men, women and children.

When he had finished talking the whole assemblage cried out:

"Boloo!—Boloo—Boloo!" and prostrated themselves before Philip.

Philip preserved a quiet dignity that impressed them still more, and when Tonga proclaimed him the 'god of war,' they all sang out:

"Boloo--Boloo--Boloo!" and sprang to their feet, dancing as merrily as so many children.

Tonga then told Philip that he would carry him to the town where the old chief resided, and there he would see nearly all the people of Tohaio.

The march was but eight miles, which Philip didn't mind in the least, as his faithful followers kept close behind him with the guns on their shoulders, others bearing the keg of powder and the bag of buckshot.

It was a complete ovation all the way, and as runners had carried the news to the town, the old chief and the entire population of the town turned out to receive them.

Tonga told the story of the god of thunder and lightning. and the old chief prostrated himself before Philip, placing his foot on his neck in token of submission.

"Tell him that's all right," said Philip to Tonga. "I will destroy his enemies, and make the Tohaios a great people."

The old chief shed tears of joy at this, and took him into his house with him, saying:

"He who saves my people shall rule them. The Tohaios are grateful to him who punishes their enemies," which the young chief Tonga interpreted so that Philip could understand it.

At night there was a general merry-making among the people, and the entire tribe spent the time before their old chief's palace

Philip had Tonga to gather every young warrior on the island in order to form some idea of their numbers.

When they were gathered together, he had them counted, and found them to be much less than a thousand, all told; but they were daring young fellows who thirsted for a chance to avenge the wrongs of their people, knowing now that Boloo could give them the victory over the powerful Kailos.

On closely questioning Tonga, he became satisfied that the Kailos could muster several thousand warriors, and therefore was a little dubious about invading the island before he had drilled the Tohaios to some extent.

He therefore set Tonga to teaching them to know that Boloo would never hurt one of them, so they should not fall down or be in any way frightened at his thunder.

He also drilled them so they could charge with an unbroken line with their spears, instead of every man fighting singly and on his own hook.

Philip had some little military knowledge, and soon gave the Tohaios the benefit of it.

In a month's time he gave the order for ten large canoes holding thirty men each, to get ready to go with him to the Island of Kailo.

A few days after Philip took ten canoes full of Tohaios, with Tonga as second in command, and set out for Kailo, leaving a regular force of 300 young warriors well organized behind on the island to protect it from any incursion from other sources.

The canoes started some three or four hours before daybreak, in order to reach the island about noon.

The Kailos sighted them when several miles out at sea, and thought they were their own people returning from Tohaio.

They crowded the beach by thousands, men, women and children, and Philip was dismayed at the idea of firing among the women and children.

But when they saw that they were Tohaios instead of their own people, the women and children fled to the woods, and the warriors prepared to receive them in battle.

They rushed down to the beach, hurling javelins at the nearest canoes, and daring them to attempt to land.

Philip opened fire on them, passing his gun to the man at his back, whom he had taught how to load it, and took a fresh one.

The noise, the howls of the wounded, the smoke and flash sent them flying in terror from the beach, and Philip and his party landed without opposition.

CHAPTER XI

A SAIL!—A SAIL!

PHILIP lost no time in landing the Tohaios, leaving five men in each canoe to push off and keep out of reach of any Kailos who might undertake to capture them, instructing them through Tonga to keep a sharp lookout for signals from him.

Then throwing them into platoons, he marched them solidly against the Kailos, who had now assembled two or three thousand strong to intercept them.

The moment he came in gunshot distance of them he opened fire, and the scattering buckshot would hit a dozen sometimes at a single shot.

It was more than they could stand.

Thunder and lightning had always received adoration from them, and now they thought the god of those elements had come to destroy them.

They retreated without once getting in striking distance of the Tohaios, and the solid phalanx pushed on with a steady tramp that plainly showed what admirable soldiers could be made of them.

On the outskirts of their largest village two or three thousand warriors had assembled to make a stand.

But Philip poured buckshot into their ranks so fast that nearly fifty were killed and three times as many wounded in a few minutes.

The Tohaios under Tonga charged during the hight of the panic, and with unbroken ranks, sweeping everything before them, slaying scores with their spears.

War clubs were useless against a solid front of spears, used as trained soldiers use the bayonet, hence the Kailos fled in dismay, and their largest town fell into the hands of Philip.

Every hut was set on fire and destroyed, and night coming on, the Tohaios encamped in an open plain, where the Kailos could not surprise them, and the night was spent in the wildest merrymaking ever seen.

They sang and danced until they could scarcely stand up. Philip saw that they would be unfit for duty the next day, unless he put a stop to it.

He ordered Tonga to compel every man, except the guards, to lie down and sleep, and daylight found them all soundly sleeping on their arms.

With sunrise came the news that a great army of the Kailos were coming against them, under the leadership of their king or head chief.

"Tonga, you must load up fast for me to-day," said Philip, "and we will conquer them

"Tonga do what Boloo tell him," replied the faithful fellow, and Philip then went around among the others, exhorting them, through Tonga, to keep ranks closed up, and charge in a body when ordered.

Soon the host of the enemy appeared in sight, and the great chief pushed boldly forward to meet Philip, surrounded by half a hundred body guard.

When within twenty paces of him Philip fired, and he fell dead.

The body guard fell also in sheer terror, and were then swept with charge after charge of buckshot, until nearly every one had been wounded and a third killed.

They broke, and fled back to the main body, spreading terror as they went.

"Charge!" yelled Philip, and Tonga repeated the order in his native tongue to his followers.

Two hundred and fifty spears in unbroken line is a terrible sight, and the mob fell back before them like chaff before the wind.

With triumphant yells the Tohaios pushed on, and soon another village was in flames.

Their chief dead, and their people scattered, the Kailos were utterly demoralized.

The band of Tohaios, only two hundred and fifty in number, could march from one end of the island to the other, as their new style of charging on the enemy rendered them irresistible.

Village after village went up in flames and smoke, and at last the conquered Kailos sued for peace.

Tonga was for exterminating the whole tribe, but Philip would not listen to the idea.

"Take away all their young maidens and boy children," said Philip, "and leave them to ponder on the lesson they have received."

"There are too many of them, Boloo," said Tonga.

"Not for Boloo," was Philip's reply.

The chiefs of the Kailos begged for peace so hard that it was granted to them on condition that all their marriageable young maidens be surrendered the Tohaios.

"Now listen to the words of Boloo," said Philip, in a loud voice, when he had concluded peace with them. "If a Kailo warrior ever lands on the shores of Tohaio again I will come and destroy the people of Kailo, and sink the land in the bottom of the great water. These are the words of Boloo."

Tonga repeated word for word what he said, and the proud Kailos were humiliated in the presence of their hitherto dispised enemies.

Thus in less than a week's time the Kailos were conquered, and the Tohaios believed themselves to be the greatest people on earth.

They spent two days gathering the young maidens of the Kailos, and when over a thousand of them were ready to go, all the canoes on the island were impressed into service to convey them to their new homes.

Philip was amazed at the good humor of the Kailo maidens.

He expected to see heart-broken maidens tearfully bidding good-by to parents and lovers; but on the contrary they appeared perfectly happy, laughing, singing and making merry in their savage way.

They regarded the Tohaios as superior people now—the favorites of Boloo—and they were all going to get husbands at once.

With nearly forty canoes full of Kailo maidens the victorious Tohaios returned to their island home.

Sentinels were on the lookout for them, and such a fleet at once sent a thrill of alarm through the whole island, and they crowded down to the coast to see who they were.

The nearest boat—or canoe—gave the news, and then the rejoicing commenced.

Canoe after canoe emptied its load of Kailo girls, and the march to the principal village of the old chief was one grand triumph for Philip all the way.

The cry of Boloo was heard at every step, and when they reached the village the whole populace turned out to do him honor.

The old chief distributed the captive maidens among the warriors as wives, offering as many to Philip as he might wish to select.

But Philip said he would only have a Tohaio maiden for a wife, and that was the old chief's daughter, a tall, handsome, dignified girl of some eighteen summers. She had fallen desperately in love with him and he with her, though she could understand but little that he said. She believed him to be Boloo, a god, and was therefore in love with him because he was in the shape of a man.

He took Tonga into his confidence, and said he wanted the old chief's daughter for a wife. Tonga spoke to the old chief. The old fellow was rejoiced and so was Natai, the daughter, and the day for the nuptials was set.

When she saw him she ran forward, knelt at his feet and kissed them; but he raised her up and imprinted a kiss on her lips, at which she was supremely happy.

"I may never see my native land again," said he to himself, "and may as well make the most of the future that is before me. I have been three years a castaway, and may be so thirty years hence. She may make a very good wife for all I know; she loves me, and I like her. I'll work in to succeed her father as chief when he dies, and then I'll run this thing to suit myself."

On the day before the one appointed to be his wedding day, Philip was seated under the shade of an orange tree making love to Natai, when Tonga came running up, greatly excited and almost out of breath.

"Big canoe with wings!" cried the young chief.

Philip knew at once that it was a ship with sails.

He sprang to his feet, all the love for his sister and his native land coming over him in an instant.

"Get your best canoe and thirty of your best men!" he cried. "We will take that canoe with wings. Boloo has spoken!"

Getting his weapons as if to fight the ship, he hurried down to the shore, and looked out to sea.

There, with her hull low down in the water and all sails spread, was a ship sailing majestically along before a steady breeze.

His heart sank within him, but he made the venture, and the canoe pushed off to cross her bow.

CHAPTER XII

DOOMED TO DESPAIR.

FROM the direction in which the ship was sailing Philip indulged in the hope that if he could not cross the bow he could attract sufficient attention to cause them to heave to and investigate.

Every other consideration was swallowed up in the one great desire to return to his native land, where a fortune awaited him, and where he could enjoy the delights of society congenial to his cultivated tastes.

While he had a sort of tender feeling for Natai, the old chief's daughter, who was to become his wife on the morrow, he would gladly leave Tohaio forever if he could only reach the haunts of civilization again.

"Pull—pull hard!" he cried repeatedly, to the dusky crew of the canoe. "We'll catch her yet!"

But it was in vain.

The gallant ship had a stiff breeze, and every yard of canvas stretched to catch it.

It gradually sunk lower and lower down in the horizon, and with a sigh Philip gave the word to cease rowing, and the men rested from their hard work.

The reaction was terrible on poor Philip, and he sat down dejected, such as he never felt before.

His original island home was now in plain sight, and he determined to go there for a bottle of brandy, hundreds of bottles of which he had stored away in the cavern in the rear of his hut on Lookout Hill.

It was nearly night when they landed.

He at once killed three or four kids for supper, which Tonga had cooked under his direction.

Getting a bottle of brandy he took a good drink and then gave some to Tonga, who went into ecstasies over it.

But he was careful not to let the others know the nature of the drink, as they would all get drunk and became unmanageable.

Then selecting two large sail cloths, a keg of nails, more powder and lead, two axes and hatchets, saw and other carpenter's tools, he ordered them placed in the canoe, and at midnight set out to return to Tahaio, which they reached a little after sunrise.

Natai flew to meet him, clad in the simple light native costume of a princess, which was a garment made of the skins of a species of rabbit, reaching only from the waist to the knees, and he received her with open arms.

"As long as I have to remain here," he said, "I may as well enjoy life the best I can. She is a fine girl and the princess of the island. I may never get away, and may as well raise a family of my own. Who knows but I may benefit these people and the world besides? I will try it, anyhow, as they do not seem inclined to be vicious."

Ordering the things he had brought over in the canoe to be carried up to his hut, which he now had located on a high point only the fourth of a mile from the beach, he set out to the residence of the old chief.

The old man chided him for building his home so close to the sea, where the enemy could land in the night and destroy him while he slept.

"I am Boloo," he said, "and am not afraid. I can see my enemies from there and meet them at the water's edge."

The old chief yielded.

Philip wanted to be where he could keep a watch for any vessel that might come in sight, as he never intended to give up hopes of once more seeing his native land: hence his selection of this place for his future home.

Natai approved his choice, and the simple wedding, accompanied by feasting and dancing, went on.

The ceremony consisted in his offering her a cocoanut shell half full of palm oil, which she accepted and then followed him to his hut.

As it was nearly five miles to his hut the way was a perfect ovation, the men, women and children singing and dancing all the way, and keeping it up nearly all night.

To his surprise on the next day he found the entire population removing to the site he had selected for his future residence, and in less than twenty-four hours several hundred palm leaf huts were in course of erection.

"I may as well have order and regularity as otherwise," he said, after thinking the matter over. "So I will mark off the ground, lay out streets and squares, and give each man his plot. It will look better, and they will be better pleased."

He explained the thing to Tonga and the young chief was delighted, and they set to work at once to do it.

The result was that the village proved to be a beautiful spot under the tall palms, with wide streets running at right angles, with an open square for council meetings and great festivals.

In less than two weeks there were nearly 2,000 palm leaf huts in the village, with more than half the population of the island concentrated there.

In the center of the square Philip sawed all the limbs off the tallest tree, leaving it a bare pole, and to that he nailed a large piece of sail cloth to float to the breeze as long as it would hold together.

He knew that any ship coming in sight of the island would stop to investigate the meaning of that flag, which would be all he wanted.

This done he set about building him a more comfortable house than the simple palm leaf hut he now occupied.

With the axes, saw, hatchet, nails, and other things he had brought over from the stores of the ill-fated *Aurora*, he soon put up a substantial structure, that was the wonder and admiration of the natives.

They had never seen such a thing before as a chimney to carry off the smoke from a house, nor such cooking utensils as Natai displayed to the wondering women.

To say that Natai was happy as the single wife of the great Boloo, would be but a feeble expression of her condition. She idolized him, and he was kind and tender to her, employing two maidens to wait on her, cook her meals and do the household work.

By his direction, she discarded the dress of skins, and made herself several gowns out of material saved from the wreck of the *Aurora*, and no prouder woman than she was ever seen in the streets of New York, when she first appeared in her new dress.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIP CHIEF.

About four months after Philip married the princess of Tahaio, the old chief died, and was buried in the usual way of the island savages, followed by a great feast, which lasted several days.

On the tenth day after his death, the natives met [illegible] successor to the old chief.

He left no sons and only one daughter—the wife of Philip.

But he left an ambitious nephew to whom, in the usual line of succession, the position would have fallen; yet such was the influence and pluck of Natai, that Philip was chosen by a large majority to be chief of the assembled warriors.

This was a terrible blow to Coolakii, the nephew, and he withdrew at once to the forest, followed by a few personal friends.

Tonga was the first to inform Philip of his election, and then he hailed him chief and Boloo of the Tahaios.

"How about Coolakii?" Philip asked.

"Him gone," was the frank reply of the young chief.

"Gone where?"

"To the woods. Won't have Boloo chief. Tahaios say go, and he go."

"Then he will make trouble, will he not?"

"Boloo kill him. He no make trouble then," was his reply.

"Boloo king!" cried Natai, ambitious to have her lord and master with a great title.

"Yes—Boloo king!" cried Tonga, and out he ran to the assembled council to communicate the new title to them.

The entire body went to his house, hailed him king, and prostrated themselves on the ground before him.

"By the great sea serpent!" he exclaimed. "I am a king! Philip Peyton, the castaway, a king! King of a Cannibal Island!" and he could not refrain from smiling at the change in his fortunes. "Verily," he said, "Napoleon won a crown, and why may not I? He fought his way to a throne, and so have I. He conquered nearly all Europe; I have conquered Kailo. Ha—ha—ha! I must make a crown and build a throne—two crowns, one for my queen. Well—well, what next, I wonder!"

Philip remained in a deep revery for some time, thinking of his home on the other side of the globe.

"I shall have no historian to record the glories of my reign," he said, bitterly, after a long silence. "But I will leave traditions among these people that will make my memory dear to them for ages to come. If I am king I will be king. I will learn their language and teach them such things as will make them prosperous and happy."

After the lapse of several weeks Philip began to grow uneasy about the continued absence of Coolakii, the nephew of the late chief.

No one had seen or heard anything of him since his disappearance on the day Philip became king.

He sent out runners to search the whole island, and at the end of three days it was decided that he and his few friends had left the island for some other near by.

"Coolakii bad man," said Tonga, shaking his head. "Him go to Kailo man, and make heap war for Boloo."

"I guess the Kailos won't be in any hurry to quarrel with us," said Philip, shaking his head.

"Kailo man heap big liar," said Tonga. "Him never forget. Him fight Boloo and Tohaios some more."

"Do you think so? Then we must send some one to Kailo to see if he is really over there. If he is there he means mischief, and it would be well to watch him. Have you got a good man to send over there?"

"Yes, Choloo go. Him one time Kailo man."

"Can you trust him?"

"Yes—Choloo come back," and Tonga at once went out in search of the man he spoke of.

He soon returned with a big burly fellow who threw himself on the ground at Philip's feet, while Tonga vouched for his faithfulness.

Philip then made Tonga explain to him what Boloo wanted him to do in Kailo. He was to pretend to have escaped from the Tohaios, and made his way back to Kailo alone. If Coolakii was there he was to join in with him, learn all his secrets, and then come back and let him know, for which he would be suitably rewarded.

Choloo seemed to understand pretty well what was expected of him, and at once set about preparing to slip away in a little canoe that night.

At midnight, Tonga came to the big house and reported that he had seen Choloo slip away for Kailo in a small canoe.

The next day Philip had a general muster of all the warriors, and found that he now had about one thousand men, all armed with war clubs and spears.

He organized them into companies, and taught them how to maneuver in solid ranks, presenting an unbroken front, against which ten times their number could not stand unorganized.

He explained to them how they could conquer all their enemies by keeping up their organization. Tonga drilled them for days and weeks, till they understood every order, and were handled like a vast piece of machinery.

The men were thus kept busy and out of mischief, for in that climate no man worked. The women attended to everything, leaving their husbands to go to war, or roll about in tropical laziness.

In order to make himself stronger, he taught his ten gun bearers how to load and shoot, concluding at last to trust them with the secret of his thunder and lightning, finding it in no wise lessened his influence and power.

At last Choloo returned and reported that Coolakii was in Kailo stirring up those fierce warriors to a war with Tohaio again. They were preparing for a grand invasion, and would land on the coast on a dark night, surround Boloo while asleep, kill him, and then destroy all the Tohaio warriors and carry the women and children over to Kailo.

Coolakii had reported that Boloo was no more than a single Tohaio warrior on certain days in the week, and when he slept, and such other stories as tended to give the Kailos courage to strike another blow for supremacy.

Philip and Tonga made a calculation that convinced them that the invasion would not take place under two weeks.

"We will go over to my island," he said, to Tonga, "and get some more guns and ammunition. We will give the Kailos all they want when they come."

Taking a crew with him he went over to the island, where he had the cargo of the *Aurora* stored, and got twenty more double barrel shot guns, two kegs of powder and several bags of buckshot.

With these he returned to Tohaio and proceeded to drill twenty trusty warriors in the use of fire arms, who, with the other ten he made his body guard, with the faithful Tonga as captain.

Then with a coast guard to apprise him of any approach of the Kailos, Philip felt quite secure, and proceeded to devote himself to teaching the women, through Natai, many useful things about housekeeping, cooking and such other accomplishments as would render them more comfortable.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH.

One night a runner from the coast guard came running up to the king's guard, and reported to Tonga that the whole sea was covered with Kailo canoes.

Philip sprang up from his bed, and called out his guards and the rest of the native warriors.

In ten minutes everything was in readiness to march, and they advanced to a spot where the battle was to be fought—a place where Philip had decided to meet the invaders.

There they laid down to await the approach of the enemy.

They took two or three hours to disembark, and when they started up the hill to surprise Boloo when asleep, it was just breaking into daylight.

Suddenly Philip gave the word to fire, and thirty Tohaios arose up, and poured a deadly fire into their midst.

Coolakii had prepared them to listen to a single clap of thunder which would kill, perhaps, one or two men; but when thirty shots rang out along a line, and over a hundred men were hit, a sudden panic seized them.

A second volley, and they broke and fled in dismay.

The order for the spearmen to charge was given, and the steady tramp of 900 men, with unbroken ranks, swept the field to the water's edge, where the fight became a massacre.

The Tohaios got between them and their canoes, and then the most desperate fight ever seen in savage warfare raged for hours.

The sun rose on a scene that was sickening.

Had the Tohaios broken ranks they would have been annihilated, for the Kailos outnumbered them three to one.

But they kept together, charging with their spears like old soldiers with the bayonets, sweeping the black mob before them everywhere.

"We must go down and help them, Tonga," said Philip, after watching the fight as a reserve for some time.

And he started his bodyguard into the fight.

The first volley mowed them down like grass, and the second sent them rushing into the sea or scudding away into the woods, utterly routed, beaten at every point, while hundreds were taken prisoners.

Coolakii was killed early in the fight, and all the chiefs were slain as fast as captured.

The day was spent in capturing scattered bands that were wandering about trying to make their escape from the island.

When night came, the victorious Tohaios had a great jubilee, for the power of the Kailos was broken

All their warriors were now either dead or prisoners, and but for Philip's firmness in forbidding it, the prisoners would have all been killed in cold blood, so great was the hatred the Tohaios felt towards the Kailos.

There were something over three hundred Kailo warriors prisoners in his hands, and he was greatly troubled as to what disposition to make of them. To keep them in bondage among their conquerors was against his ideas of right, as well as policy, for they were a dangerous, treacherous set.

Tonga was called in and consulted.

That young chief was in favor of making slaves of them, but Philip soon made him understand that he would not allow it.

"Send 'em back home," he said, "and they will tell such a story as will make Tohaio a terror to all other island tribes for years to come. There isn't enough of them left now to do any harm, so we will never have any more trouble with them."

"No. Him fight Tohaio man no more. Kailo man most all gone," said Tonga.

"Yes, and they will let all the other tribes know what Boloo has done. It was a wise thing to let them go home, Tonga."

"Boloo heap wise thunder god," added Tonga, in all the sincerity of his soul.

He was, perhaps, the most sincere and faithful of all the Tohaio warriors, as Philip treated him with distinguished consideration and gave him ten of the handsomest Kailo captive maidens for wives. He treated them kindly, and seemed happy in his household and domestic relations.

In order to give the warriors something with which to keep their minds employed, Philip instituted a series of athletic games, in which they joined with the wildest enthusiasm. No school boys ever joined in any field sport with the zest those ignorant savages did.

Then he organized huge fishing parties to kill sharks, telling them that the warrior who killed one hundred of those voracious monsters would have as many wives in Boloo's home in the clouds.

As the waters around the island swarmed with sharks, he knew they would have enough to do for all time to come in fighting them, and that they would never find out the deception practiced upon them.

"Better spend their time killing sharks," he said, "than in killing their neighbors on the other islands. It will keep them busy, and make expert fishermen of them. And as their wives are numerous and very prolific, they will soon be the most powerful tribe in this part of the world. They will never forget the teachings of Boloo, the white god, who taught them how to become a great and powerful people. So I will try to teach them everything that will be useful to them."

To his surprise every Tohaio warrior at once began to make himself a small canoe just large enough for two or three, in which to hunt for sharks. Then they made a sort of harpoon out of the same kind of hard wood their spears were made of, which was almost as hard and heavy as iron. When once harpooned, there was no chance for a shark to escape, as his skin is as tough and strong as the best of leather.

Philip had decided to make them secure the skin of each shark, to be dried in the sun and kept as trophies, as the American Indian is said to keep his scalps. This would give them something to do not in opposition to their ideas of religion or manhood. To work in the rice or potato fields would be considered a disgrace by a Tohaio man, the women having all that work to do, hence Philip resolved to equalize things by making every man of them skin his own shark.

He also discovered that a dead shark divested of its skin was a tempting bait for the live ones, and, therefore, instructed them to tie them to their canoes with short lines. The result was, the sharks swarmed so thick around some of them that others had to go to their rescue.

The slaughter was simply immense, and Philip several times went out to enjoy the sport. It was exciting in the extreme, and he congratulated himself on having hit upon a plan that would prevent plottings of treason among his subjects, or of desire to war upon their neighbors.

Every savage struck his forehead in the sand and raised his hands above his head.

Tonga believed that everything Philip said was the wisdom of Boloo, and accordingly accepted the proposition as the thing to do.

Two days later Philip told the Kailo prisoners that they could either remain in Tohaio and become one of them, or else return to Kailo free and unmolested.

To his surprise, the entire band eagerly accepted his proposition to become Tohaios. All the young Kailo maidens had been taken away, and they were not numerically strong enough to contend successfully with the powerful tribes on the islands beyond them.

That was more than he expected or wished, though he felt that if a part of them remained it would make the Tohaios that much stronger. He took another day to consider the matter, and finally decided to let them remain on condition that they be not allowed to carry either club or spear for one year.

To this they demurred, and all decided to return to Kailo in a body, which they did the next day, leaving in disgrace, followed by the taunts and insults which the Tohaios hurled at them.

"You will never see them here again, Tonga," remarked Philip to the chief of his bodyguard.

About this time his wife, the Princess Natai, was delivered of a child, a bouncing boy, "the image of his father," and there was great rejoicing all over the island in consequence.

Philip was proud of his son, and named him Philip Peyton, jr. He was a very bright copper-colored chap, just a perfect half breed, a fact the natives could not understand, and therefore regarded him as another wonderful feat of the great Boloo.

About a month after his child was born, on a dark night, a great storm, similar to the one in which the ill-fated *Aurora* was wrecked, swept over the island, tearing away hundreds of the palm leaf huts of the natives. Philip's house was not in the least damaged, having been built with nails and heavy timber.

But the next morning the low, sandy beach was strewn with the wreck of a vessel and seven dead sailors, white men. The natives came running forward, telling Boloo that two men were still struggling in the water.

He ran down to the beach and there saw, lashed to a mast, two men feebly struggling for life.

"Get me a canoe!" he cried, "and men to row it.

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I'll save those men or perish with them!"

The canoe was soon launched, and though the waves were still running high, he entered it and was rowed out the wreck where the men were, and dragged them into the canoe.

CHAPTER XV

ANOTHER WRECK—THE TWO SAILORS.

PHILIP saw at a glance that the two men were exhausted—nearly dead, in fact.

"Pull hard—pull hard!" he cried.

They did pull with all their might, and in a few minutes the canoe was carried high up on the beach by a tremendous wave.

He ordered them to be carried up to his house, where he astonished Natai by putting them on her best bed, and giving them liberal drinks of the brandy he had so carefully guarded from all but herself.

"No. We are safely anchored here. Have a taste of grog and you'll feel better," and Philip held the bottle to his lips.

The old sailor took a long pull at it, closing his eyes and evidently enjoying the fine brandy.

Philip pulled the bottle away when he thought he had enough.

"I could anchor to that, mate," he said, smacking his lips.

"But you've had enough now. Your mate will want some when he wakes up, you know."

The old sailor turned and looked at the other in surprise.

"The French cook!" he exclaimed. "How came he here?"

"We picked him up with you this morning," replied Philip. "Seven others were found dead on the beach. What ship was it, mate?"

"The *Glendale*, of Portsmouth, Captain Sands, bound for the East Indies. Where are we now?"

Just then the Frenchman opened his eyes and groaned.

"I'll give him a drink of brandy," said Philip, placing the bottle at his lips and trying to force some of the stuff down his throat.

"Keep a good grip on the bottle, commodore," cautioned the old sailor, as he raised himself on an elbow, and gazed wistfully at the bottle. "He draws heavily."

After several minutes the Frenchman began muttering, finally talking wildly in both French and broken English.

But it was evident that he was out of his head and badly hurt. The wild raving that came from him at times indicated the direction of his mind.

Philip and the gentle Natai watched him through the night, the English sailor sleeping soundly, though at times talking in his sleep.

In the early morning the English sailor awoke greatly refreshed, and told his story. His name was

He then marched them abreast across the plain. Their solid tread charmed him, and they seemed to comprehend the strength of the movement.

But having long regarded him as the incarnation of wisdom, she, therefore, seconded him in everything he undertook to do, thereby evincing a degree of wisdom her more civilized sisters in other climes might well envy.

She watched his every movement.

How he watched over those two men!

Had they been his own brothers he could not have nursed them more faithfully and tenderly; yet they were strangers to him, and he knew not whether they could utter a word of his language.

But they were shipwrecked sailors of his own color, and that was enough.

All the sympathy of his better nature was aroused, and it became a labor of love to watch over them.

Late that afternoon, while he was watching, the stouter of the two men opened his eyes and stared up at him, as if uncertain as to his bearing.

"Where are we, mate?" he feebly asked, in very good English.

"In a snug harbor, mate," replied Philip, tears streaming down his face at the familiar sound of his mother tongue.

"Snug Harbor, did you say? Then we ar'n't at Davy Jones?"

"On one of the Cannibal Islands of the South Pacific."

"Great guns! They'll eat us."

"No, I think not. I have about broken up that practice here, I hope."

"I say, mate," and the sailor stared hard at Philip, "who are you?"

"I am Philip Peyton, of New York, wrecked on one of these islands four years ago. I am now the chief of this island, which the natives call Tohaio. Because of my having saved guns and ammunition from the wreck they call me Boloo, the God of Thunder and Lightning. I enabled them to beat their enemies, married their old chief's daughter and succeeded him at his death."

"Shiver my timbers, commodore," exclaimed the old sailor. "If you'll keep 'em from eating into my hull, I'll be your best man on deck."

"Never fear for that, my friend," said Philip, warmly. "But don't give it away that I am not the genuine Boloo, or it may be the worse for us."

"Never."

"Can we trust the Frenchman?"

"No, sir. He's a bad one."

"Then we must play upon his fears.

Burns, and had been going to sea for many years.

Philip and Natai both liked him, and he seemed to have implicit confidence in them.

During the day the Frenchman died without having known that he had been rescued from the sea. Philip and Burns buried him in a little glen at the foot of the hill and declared the spot sacred; from that hour no native would go within twenty paces of the grave.

"He will rest there—they will never disturb him there after this, though a thousand years may pass," said Philip, as they turned away.

That night, when by themselves, Philip related the story of his own shipwreck, the cave on the other island where he had the cargo of the ship concealed—in fact, told everything.

"You have the ship's quadrant?" Burns asked.

"Yes, over there. I could do nothing with it."

"Shiver my timbers, commodore!" cried Burns, springing to his feet, and dancing around like a jolly old tar under the influence of a liberal allowance of grog, "I can take our bearings and locate this island."

"You can?"

"Yes."

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The two men grasped each other's hands, and seemed as happy as though they were already on their way back to port.

"We'll go on there in a day or two and see to it," said Philip.

Burns was very impatient to get over there, and did not take very kindly to the natives, whose curiosity caused them to crowd about him whenever he made his appearance.

At last Philip and Burns took a crew of Tohaios in a large canoe, and started off for the island on which the ship's cargo was concealed.

On reaching the island they saw many evidences of the fury of the great storm that had wrecked Burns on Tohaio Island.

"It was a big blow, commodore," said Burns, shaking his head; "and many a stanch craft went down in it. I don't want to tackle another like it."

"Nor do I," said Philip; "but I would risk it to get back to New York."

Burns looked sadly out over the wide waste of waters, and sighed. His heart, too, like Philip's, was far away from that silent land

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CHAPTER XVI

TAKING THEIR BEARINGS.

LEAVING the natives in charge of the canoe, Philip and Burns walked up the hill in the direction of the cave, which they soon reached.

Philip removed the obstruction, and led the way within.

Coming suddenly from the glare of sunlight, the gloom of the cavern seemed like midnight darkness, and they were compelled to wait until their eyes could endure the change.

"This was my home before the natives found me," said Philip, when they could see all about them.

"It wasn't a bad home, commodore," remarked Burns, glancing admiringly around at the piled-up boxes and bales.

"No; it was a very good one," replied Philip, "but oh, how lonesome it was! At times I would have given all these goods to have had someone to talk to. I actually became seriously alarmed several times at the sound of my own voice."

"Ay—ay, a sailor loves companionship as well as anyone else."

"Yes, I suppose he does; but you see I could hardly claim to be a sailor; but I have found companionship now, and don't think I shall mind it so much."

"No, nor I," remarked Burns, and Philip turned away to find the ship's quadrant which he had stored carefully away among many of the captain's effects.

He soon brought it out, and the old sailor snatched it out of his hands and ran out of the cave as though he intended to run off with it altogether.

Philip ran after him, and saw him speeding away to the top of the hill.

He followed, and in a few minutes was by his side.

"Where are we, mate?" he eagerly cried.

"Put it down!" exclaimed the old sailor, as he kept the wonderful little instrument to his eyes.

Philip seized a stick that lay at his feet, sharpened one end with his knife, and proceeded to make figures in the sand as fast as Burns called them out.

Many—many numerals were called off and marked down. They were all Greek to Philip, but he had faith in them and science.

When the last number was called off, Burns laid down the quadrant, seized the stick, dropped upon his knees, and proceeded to unravel the mystery of the figures as Philip had put them down.

Philip looked on with breathless interest.

Suddenly Burns burst out with:

"Where's the chart? Bring me the chart!"

Philip darted away down the hill at the top of his speed towards the cave, into which he darted like an arrow.

Only half a minute's time was spent in finding the chart, and he reappeared with it in his hand.

Up the hill he ran, at full speed.

"Here it is—here it is!" he cried, waving it above his head, as he ran up to where Burns was still kneeling on the ground poring over the figures.

Burns spread the map out on the ground and continued his figuring in silence.

Pretty soon he turned to the map and commenced to measure four certain points, watching the figures on the ground.

"Here we are!" he said, placing the sharpened point of the stick on a small scattered group of islands in the far South Pacific Ocean, "away out of the way of travel!"

Philip gazed long and wistfully at the spot, and then his eyes wandered over the map to the far away port of New York.

A deep sigh escaped him as he took up the quadrant and chart and started to the cave with them.

"I don't see that a knowledge of our exact location will do us any good!" he remarked to Burns as they neared the cave.

"Nor I, either," returned the old sailor, "but it's some satisfaction to know where you are anchored."

"Yes, you are right," assented Philip, as they entered the cave. "Let's have some wine and then we will get out some things we need over at home."

Philip then opened a case of old Madeira wine, took out a bottle and passed it to Burns.

Having no corkscrew handy he struck the neck a sharp blow against the rocky side of the cavern, broke it off and thus got at the generous liquid, which he drank of copiously.

"Hold up, mate," said Philip, "you'll strike a sunken rock in that channel!" and taking the bottle from him, held it up between his face and the light from the entrance of the cavern.

It was more than half empty.

"Great Neptune, mate!" he said, "you're water-logged yourself."

Burns laughed good naturedly.

"I've sailed that sea a long time, mate," he said, "and have never been wrecked yet."

"Well, you must not put all your sails out at once, you know. The supply won't admit of it."

"All right, commodore. I'll batten down the hatch, and——"

"That's right. We may remain here all our lives, you know, and something of this kind would be good medicine in our old age."

"Ay—ay, sir, that it would."

Philip then took a moderate drink from the bottle, set it down on a box, and proceeded to hunt up another ax, a saw, augur, drawing-knife, a couple of files, nails, and a dozen other things which he thought might be needed over at Tohaio.

When ready to start he passed the bottle, and saw that it had been entirely emptied on the sly by Burns.

He said nothing, but resolved to keep his liquors from him in the future.

"He is a good fellow," he muttered, "but loves liquor too well for his own good. If he could have his way he would keep drunk as long as it lasted, then have the *delirium tremens* and die."

Burns gathered up the greater part of the things and returned to the boat with them, followed by Philip, with the remainder.

The patient rowers in the canoe seemed awe struck by the strange implements the two men brought with them. They evidently looked upon them as tools of the gods, which only gods dared to touch.

"Now pull for home," ordered Philip, and the dusky natives—strong, lusty fellows—pulled with tremendous force, feeling that two strong gods were with them.

But the practiced eye of the old sailor soon saw that there was room for improvement in their rowing.

Every man used his oar without any regard to time with others, thus losing fifty per cent. of the force expended.

He mentioned it to Philip.

"I never thought of that before," said Philip. "See if you can make them understand it, for they are good fellows to learn anything quick."

Burns then motioned them to stop rowing, and instantly every oar rested.

Philip then explained to them, as near as he could in their own tongue, how they must all make their strokes together, as Burns made the motions.

They understood him, and were eager to do so.

After an hour's drilling, every oar dipped as one and as regular as clockwork. The speed of the canoe doubled, and the delighted Tohaios regarded it as a miracle of Boloo.

They reached Tohaio at least two hours sooner than they had ever made the trip before, and were received by Natai and her maidens on the beach.

The wondering natives escorted their white chief up the hill to his house, shouting and dancing by the way.

CHAPTER XVII

DRILLING THE NATIVES—BURNS' COURTSHIP.

PHILIP and Burns busied themselves in building an addition to the house Philip had originally constructed, and the simple natives looked on in speechless amazement.

The wonders of the saw, augur, and other implements interested them beyond measure; they never tired watching their performances.

Burns was a man of wonderful ingenuity. He could turn his hand to anything, and readily perceived the necessity of everything needful. But the natives could see that he regarded Philip as his superior—himself being second only to Boloo.

They soon built a lovely addition to the house, into which they installed Natai as supreme mistress, and she was as proud of her new home as any true daughter of Eve could well be.

This agreeable duty attended to Philip and Burns next turned their attention to drilling the young warriors of the Tohaios to understand the value of discipline in the presence of enemies.

Philip called in Tonga, who was chief of his guard, and told him to assemble all the young warriors of the tribe the afternoon of the next day.

This order created the liveliest sensation among the natives, for they believed it meant the invasion of their powerful neighbors, the Kailos.

Accordingly the next day saw over one thousand natives gathered in the open space below the hill, awaiting the order of Boloo.

Philip and Burns went down to them, followed by Tonga and his guard bearing the firearms.

The dusky warriors prostrated themselves on the ground before them as they passed them.

Philip then instructed Tonga to form the warriors in a straight line.

The young chief gave the order in his native tongue, and the bewildered Tohaios tried in vain to obey. But such a thing they had never seen before, and of course could not execute it.

"The blarsted lubbers!" exclaimed Burns, seizing a spear from one standing near him, and running along the plain made a straight line by dragging the spear after him.

"That's a good idea," laughed Philip. "Now tell them to toe the mark, Tonga."

Tonga soon had the line stretched out, and a long line it was, composed of dusky warriors dressed in nothing but breech clouts, stalwart and brave.

Everything being new to them they evinced the liveliest interest, and waited for the next move. They seemed to be expecting some wonderful miracle by Boloo, off of whom they never took their eyes.

"Now, tell them to take one step forward, Tonga," said Philip.

Tonga did so.

They stepped, but not with any uniformity.

"Tell them to step all at once."

Several times they made the step, until at last no regiment could have done better.

Philip then instructed them to always start with left foot foremost, keep the step, and always move quickly at every command.

He then marched them abreast half a mile across the plain.

Their solid tread charmed him, and they seemed to comprehend the beauty and strength of the movements they were making.

He then divided them into companies and drilled them in charging with the spear—bayonet fashion.

"Boloo says you can conquer all our enemies this way!" cried Tonga, at Philip's direction.

The whole line fell flat on the ground in adoration of Boloo; and all the women bowed before Natai, Philip's dusky wife.

The next thing to do was to make them understand that Boloo's thunder and lightning would not hurt them as long as they obeyed his orders, and that they must not fall down or show any signs of fear when they heard it.

Days and weeks were spent in these drills, and the natives seemed never to tire of them. They had no work to do in that climate where nature was so profuse in her gifts to man, hence they could devote all their time to the business.

They were divided into two bodies, Burns commanding one and Tonga the other, Philip remaining commander-in-chief.

Each battalion was to have twenty guns each, the rest being spearmen.

It can readily be perceived what a formidable military establishment in that far off isle Philip had organized. It would not be formidable to one of a similar kind, but of their neighbors they could whip ten times their number.

The maidens of the tribe came out daily to witness the parades, and their shouts of admiration were calculated to stimulate the bucks.

Among those who attended Natai was a tall, handsome maiden, the daughter of a brother of Natai's father—her first cousin, to whom Burns soon took quite a fancy, much to the delight of Natai.

Her cousin seemed so full of reverence for the two white men that Burns could not induce her to stand in his presence and let him talk with her, until Natai, at his request, instructed her to sit by his side and talk with him.

She could scarcely understand a word he said, but like a true daughter of Eve, she jabbered away at him at a fearful rate.

"Shiver my timbers, lass," he said, "but I wish I knew what you are saying. I've got an idea you would make a good mate; but if you are going to do all the talking on board of ship you won't do."

The maiden chattered away like a magpie, and he couldn't get in a word edgewise.

"Blarst my eyes if she doesn't blow a gale!" exclaimed the old sailor, eying her suspiciously.

She never let up a second, and the old salt sung out in stentorian tones:

"Avast there! Batten down that hatch!"

She looked frightened and instantly hushed, keeping as close as a clam for the next ten minutes.

"Now it's smooth water again," said he, stealing an arm around her waist.

"Belay there, mate!" cried Philip, laughing, who was watching them, with Natai. "Breakers ahead!"

"Then I'll port my helm!" said he, arising and leaving the girl to herself.

It turned out on investigation that the girl had understood from Natai that Burns wanted her to talk to him, and she did her best to do so.

Philip fairly rolled in convulsions when he heard how the case stood, and Burns himself joined in with him good-naturedly. Natai explained more fully to her cousin, and the maiden herself enjoyed the joke as well as any.

Natai had made up her mind that Burns should marry her cousin, and therefore insisted that she should reside with her. She explained the difference between being the wife of one of Boloo's people and that of a native.

But during all this time not a word was said to Burns as to her designs upon him.

Thus matters were progressing, when news came that a dozen large canoes were seen approaching the island from the east side.

Philip called in Tonga and asked what tribe lived over in that direction. The young chief said there were a few barren isles out that way, and a few larger ones many miles beyond of which they knew nothing.

"Muster your men," said Philip, to Burns and Tonga, "and we'll march down in that direction, and see who they are."

The men were soon under arms and eager to be led down to the beach on the east side, ten miles away.

When they reached the coast, the strangers had landed.

There were five or six hundred of them, huge, stalwart fellows, well armed with clubs and spears.

The Tohaios looked upon them with terror, but Boloo assured them that he would give them the victory.

He sent Tonga forward with a small guard to see who they were.

They answered him in a strange tongue,and hurled a spear at him.

He retreated back to the main army and reported that they were strangers never heard of before.

Philip then ordered up his guns and marched ahead with them. His white skin seemed to surprise the strangers. But the big chief charged upon him with upraised club.

Philip fired and a dead savage rolled on the ground.

The report and execution caused a wild yell to burst from them.

He then poured shot after shot into them, bringing down a man every time.

Taking up their dead chief they slowly retreated towards their canoes.

"Charge!" Philip cried, and a thousand native Tohaio warriors charged in two solid bodies, with their spears fixed like a regular bayonet charge.

The strangers seemed to know that they were natives, and yelled defiance.

But the charge swept them into the sea. Such a bristling wall of spears they never saw before, so they could not face it. The battle became a slaughter, and the sea became red with the blood of the victims.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"GROG."

THE signal victory over the invaders brushed away forever any doubt the Tohaios might have had relative to Philip's being the genuine Boloo. They had never heard of such a battle before, and they attributed everything to Boloo and Burns.

The victory was celebrated for nearly a week, by feasting, dancing and games. In drilling they never tired, and Philip finally came to the conclusion that they would charge full tilt on the best drilled army in the world if he would only say so.

After a while things settled down into their usual order, and Natai began again to introduce the subject of Burns' marriage to her cousin. Philip promised her to bring it about, and at once suggested the same to Burns.

The old sailor agreed, and the next day was set for the ceremony, which Natai made as brilliant as possible. The young bride was too happy to contain herself; she sang and danced as lively as the liveliest.

The honeymoon was one continuous feast, and Burns made such free use of the brandy that Philip, after much thought, resolved to talk to him on the subject.

"Burns," he said, "how's your head this morning?"

"A little heavy on the port side, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Binnacle light clear?"

"Ay, sir."

"Can you make out your course?"

"Ay, sir, that I can."

"Where are you bound?"

Burns looked up with a puzzled expression on his face, and said:

"I believe I'm anchored now, sir."

"But you are dragging your anchor badly, mate, and if it blows much harder, you'll go down upon a reef and settle."

"It'll take a big blow to do that, sir. I never lose my grip on the wheel."

"You don't? Why, you were fast drifting on a lee shore last night when your wife and Tonga took you in tow. *There was no one at the wheel!* You would have been stranded in another hour. You will lose your reputation as a seaman if you don't tack ship and take another course."

"What is reputation worth in this latitude, commodore?" the old salt asked, with a sly look in his eyes.

"It is worth as much here as in any other part of the world, mate. A drunkard is the same the world over—worthless everywhere."

Burns started as if stung, and looked hard at Philip.

"I am not a drunkard, sir," he said.

"No, I did not say that you were; but you have been drunk several times lately, and if you don't cut the cable you will soon be one."

"Is that your reckoning, commodore?"

"Yes. You will drift on the shoals if you don't steer clear of whiskey."

"But I've always had my grog on board ship, sir," said he, feeling disposed to stand up for himself.

"So you did—at stated times," replied Philip, "but suppose all hands had the privilege of drinking every time they felt like it, what kind of discipline would there have been on board, and how long would the good ship have floated? No, mate, we may have to remain here all our lives, and when we get old we will need some of the brandy you are drinking so freely now. Let's put it in the locker, mate, to have a big time with when a babe is born to us, or a ship comes in to take us away."

The old sailor's face beamed with an honest smile, and he reached out for Philip's hand.

"A drink of grog once a week, commodore, is the least allowance on ship board, and if you'll put it down in the articles, I'll sign it."

"That's enough, mate! Give me your hand on that!" and Philip seized his hand and wrung it with true sailor-like heartiness, and the bluff old salt seemed as happy as if about to sail back to his native land again.

Philip went to Natai, and told her that the bottle was to be put out but once a week, and as she carried the key to the chest, he well knew that she would die before anyone could get it from her without his direction.

From that day Burns never mentioned grog until the morning of every seventh day, when he would call for it with religious punctuality, and Philip never failed to give it to him.

One day he was out in his canoe fishing, when he saw a large canoe full of dusky natives round a point and make direct for him.

He did not take very particular notice of them until they were within canoe length of him, as he had a large fish of some kind on his line.

Suddenly, however, he noticed something strange about their movements, and giving them a close scrutiny, discovered that they were not Tohaios, but some other tribe of South Sea Islanders, in war-paint and fierce-looking.

He dropped his line and seized his oars, but with a yell they dashed their large canoe against his smaller one, upset it, and spilled him in the water.

"You lasted sons of sea sharks!" he muttered, as he spurted water from his mouth, "I'd like to have a chance at you for this!"

"Boloo—Boloo!" cried the excited savages, eagerly seizing him by the arms and legs, and lifting him bodily into the canoe, where they seated him in their midst with a tenderness that puzzled him.

"What the devil do you lubbers mean, anyhow?" he demanded, seeing them turn the canoe around and pull with all their might away from the island. "Turn her the other way! Port your helm, you lubber!"

But they pulled all the harder, and jabbered back at him in a dialect different from the Tohaio tongue. He could only recognize the word "Boloo" in all they said:

Fearing that they meant to take him away with them, probably for a feast on some neighboring isle, he decided to fight, preferring to die in sight of his own home and wife, and Philip Peyton.

He seized the one nearest him and hurled him into the sea as if he had been nothing more than a ten year old boy. His strength was prodigious, and the feat seemed to excite the wonder of those in the canoe, who, strange to say, did not stop to pick up their comrade, though they were at least three miles from shore.

"Tack ship, ye sons of sea cooks, or by the great whale I'll cast you overboard!" and seizing another, he hurled him headlong into the sea, and stranger still, the fellow made no resistance whatever.

This made them pull all the harder, crying out in excited voices;

"Boloo—Boloo—Boloo!"

"Shiver my timbers!" cried the old salt, rolling up his sleeves and laying about him with his brawny fists. "I'll clear the deck, and scuttle the craft! Belay, there, you lubber!" and giving a dusky warrior a blow on the nose, he flattened out like a pancake, and set the red blood coursing down his black body in a copious stream.

Still they rowed with all their might, sending the long, narrow canoe through the water like a thing of life.

Burns was puzzled beyond expression at this strange conduct on the part of savage cannibals, and became still more alarmed. He noticed them growing more and more excited, and looking back apprehensively towards Tohaio.

He turned around and looked away towards the island.

What he saw gladdened his heart and filled his soul with hope.

The whole population seemed to be running down to the beach,and four canoes were coming in hot pursuit, and every minute or so another canoe, crowded with men, darted out in the chase until a dozen or more were strung out in race, all pulling as if for dear life.

"Shiver my timbers if it ain't a stern chase! Lay to, ye lubbers!" and seizing a war club which he suddenly espied in the bottom of the canoe he aimed a blow at the unprotected head of the one in front of him.

Just as he was going to bring it down and forever settle the fellow's status in the next world, the one behind him arose up, snatched the club from his hand and threw it overboard.

"Go get it, you lubber!" exclaimed Burns, dealing him a blow on the jaw that sent him overboard in a flash, and the next instant he hurled another one after him.

This was making a decided impression on the crew, four men overboard and a fifth one with a nose out of joint. The chief at the helm said something in his unintelligible jargon, and the entire crew laid in their oars, arose to their feet and threw themselves upon him.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABDUCTING A GOD.

BURNS struggled heroically, striking right and left with his brawny fists, making a savage grunt at every blow.

Bnt they were too many for him.

They overpowered and bore him to the bottom of the canoe, where they bound him hand and foot with raw hide thongs, rendering him perfectly helpless.

He raved and swore with all the volubility of an old salt, struggling in vain to free his limbs.

But he could see from the anxious looks on their faces, and the terrible strain at the oars, that Philip and the Tohaios were pressing them hard.

"Boloo is coming," he muttered, "and they don't like it. Ha—ha—ha!" he laughed, "they are afraid they won't have time to roast me before the Tohaios will be upon them. Pull, ye devils, but it won't do ye any good. You'd find me tough eating anyhow."

They pulled until their bodies streamed with perspiration, and hours seemed to pass, with nothing but the steady splash of the oars sounding in his ears as he lay there in the bottom of the canoe.

Suddenly he heard the Tohaios' war whoop a long way off, but it had a volume and power to it that betokened earnestness and quick pursuit.

His captors made no response save to pull harder, if possible. Their faces were now turned anxiously in another direction—the one in which they were going.

A half hour later the canoe struck the sandy beach of an island, and the savages sprang out and carried Burns with them.

He quickly turned his head and looked out to sea,and there saw over a dozen large canoes full of the Tohaios in full pursuit, coming as fast as their oars could bring them.

They were not more than a mile away, and a very few minutes more would land them on the beach.

Around him were hundreds of fierce warriors, armed with clubs and spears, greatly excited, jabbering and looking at their white prisoner with the most unbounded astonishment,mingled with fear and wonder.

They let him remain but a minute or two on the beach, when they cut the thongs that bound his feet so he could walk. Two placed themselves

on each side, and two behind him. Then, at a signal, they commenced to run with him, giving him no chance to resist or in any way impede their progress, though he made several efforts to do so.

As they advanced inland he saw hundreds of warriors hurrying towards the beach, great, fierce, savage-looking fellows, by far the ugliest and most repulsive-looking ones he had ever seen yet.

"They'll have a fight," he said to himself, "and the commodore will make 'em sick on buckshot. What the devil makes them scud along this way for? There! They're at it!" and the report of the shot guns of Philip's bodyguard reverberated far and wide through the woods.

The savages stopped to listen.

Another volley, followed by the terror-stricken savages' yells, and the runners looks inquiringly at their prisoner's person.

"Boloo—Boloo—Boloo?" they asked, eagerly.

"Yes, I'm Boloo," replied Burns, nodding his head, and making gestures for them to unloose his arms, which they did, cutting the thongs with knives made of flint.

"That's all right. Now let's go back and take a hand in the fight."

Of course they could not understand a word he said. But he made motions as if he would fight, and to his surprise they seemed delighted, prostrating themselves on the ground before him and placing their necks under his foot.

"Great whales!" he exclaimed, remembering Philip's explanation of the Tohaios' actions when he first met them, "they think I am Boloo and want to make me chief! I haven't a gun on deck to scare them with, and if I don't get back soon they'll find out I don't own thunder and lightning and eat me for a sprat. Whew! They are at it now!" and hearing the uproar of battle on the beach below, he turned and ran in that direction.

The sun was setting, casting slanting rays across the island when Burns burst out of the woods and went careering down the hill towards the Tohaios.

Philip saw him and set up a cheer, in which the Tohaios joined with a will.

"Charge!" cried Philip at the top of his voice, and fully three hundred Tohaios charged on five times that number of the enemy.

But they went in a solid line three deep, with a bristling wall of spears ten feet in front of them. Such a sight filled the enemy with dismay, and they were swept away like chaff before the wind. On—on they pushed, Tonga command, Philip and his body guard bringin up the rear, and the panic-stricken savages flying before them.

Philip grasped the old sailor's hand as they met, saying:

"They had you in a tight place, mate."

"Ay, sir. I thought they had me scuttled at one time."

"How did you get away from them?"

"They towed me up into the woods there, sir, and laid down on the ground, and put my foot on their dirty necks. I heard you repelling boarders and ran away. I'm on deck now, sir, and ready for action."

"Yes, they thought you were the god Boloo, and wanted you to reign over them as I do over the Tohaios. That's what the fellow whom you threw overboard said. We picked one of them up."

"Great whales! Why didn't they say so, then?" exclaimed Burns, in surprise.

"Probably they did, but you could not understand them."

"Well, I did hear them say Boloo several times, and noticed that they didn't seem to want to hurt me."

"Oh, no; they wanted a Boloo to lead them. Just look at Tonga there! What splendid soldiers these Tohaios would make! Just look at that charge. They sweep the deck!"

The old sailor seized a spear and wanted to join the Tohaios, and have a hand in the fight; but Philip restrained him, saying:

"You must keep near me, as we are both of the same race. They regard us as superior beings, and that our presence gives them the victory. We must keep them that way."

"You may be right, commodore, but I'd like to board 'em with this pike, and clear the deck of the lubbers."

"Tonga is doing that finely. We'll keep close behind him to give him the benefit of a volley if they should crowd him too close. Why, it seems as if they are getting more numerous. Just look at 'em as they pour out of that woods there!" and running up to Tonga, he told him to push on and keep his men steady on the line.

The Tohaios pushed on; the savages having always fought individually, were unprepared for the wall of bristling pikes that swept down upon them with such irresistible force. So they were compelled to retreat with terrible loss.

Night coming on, Philip gave the order to halt, and the enemy halted likewise.

"Scatter 'em with a volley;" and thirty loads of buckshot sent them howling into the woods.

"Now, back to the canoes," he cried; and the column wheeled and marched back to the canoes, where they embarked to return to Tohaio.

CHAPTER XX

SUDDENLY the old sailor Burns, who had been looking at the vessel through an old spy glass, turned around, and said:

"Commodore, she's a pirate!"

"What!" cried Philip, starting as if stung.

"She's a pirate, sir," repeated the old sailor, handing him the glass. "Look for yourself. No merchantman ever carries such a crew as that. There's a hundred of 'em, sir."

Philip seized the spy-glass and clapped it to his eye.

Fully a hundred fierce-looking wretches crowded the deck of the vessel, while a score of them scrambled over the side into the boat, all armed to the teeth.

"Yes, they are pirates," he said, and then, after a pause, remarked: "We must capture that vessel, mate."

"Great whales, commodore," gasped Burns.

"Tonga, order your men to form in the woods out there, and to lie down till I give the word to charge."

Tonga hurried away, and in a few minutes had over two thousand spearmen concealed in the dense wood beyond the town, waiting for the order from Boloo to charge.

The pirates landed, and marched up the hill, armed with pistols and cutlasses, scattering the women and children as they went, making direct for the spot where the large piece of sail cloth floated in the breeze.

They felt emboldened by the absence of any men—only a few old men being seen by them.

When they reached the top of the hill they were surprised at seeing such a large native village. They went direct to Philip's house, it being the largest and most pretentious in sight.

Philip came out to meet them.

A big burly pirate stepped forward, and asked:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"I am an American sailor," he replied, "wrecked in a storm here some twenty years ago."

The man repeated his words in Spanish to his commander, who frowned menacingly, saying:

"What have we to do with that? We want water and fruit. Tell him to summon his women, and make 'em fill the casks for the *Terror*."

"Yes, of course," said Philip, when the interpreter had repeated the pirate's words to him. "He can have fruit and water in abundance. We have plenty of both. Tell him to bring his crew ashore and have two or three oxen roasted, and see the young women dance in the moonlight."

"Yes—that's good," said the pirate chief, with a leering grin on his face, "roast beef and pretty women. We'll have a night of it, Pedro, and give these fools an idea of what kind of devils we are. Yes, let's have the roast oxen."

Philip at once sent out several women to tell Tonga to keep his men out of view, except about twenty, whom he wished sent to him at once, and other women to drive up several fat cows, which he ordered to be killed.

When night came on, five large cows were roasting over large fires, and the entire crew, save two men, had come ashore from the *Terror* to make a night of it.

They brought a keg of brandy with them, and long ere the beef was ready to be eaten many of them were drunk, and very insulting to the women.

Philip had ordered two or three hundred young women to dance for the pirates, in order to lull any suspicion that might arise, and the ruse was successful, for, while nearly every one was making love to a dusky maiden, Philip gave the signal, and Tonga's men rushed upon them with their spears, and in two minutes every man of them were either dead or prisoners. They didn't have a chance to draw even a cutlass or pistol, but were run through and pinned to the ground like so many helpless worms.

About a dozen, including the chief, were captured, overpowered, without firing a shot.

"What does this mean?" cried the chief, in Spanish, which Burns understood, and replied:

"It means you're boarded, you blasted son of a sea pirate, and that you'll swing at the yard-arm, or else walk the plank!"

CHAPTER XXI

THE RESCUED MAIDENS.

PHILIP and Burns were beside themselves with joy at the success of their strategy, and were exceedingly anxious to secure possession of the brig before the two men on board suspected anything.

"How many men are on board?" Burns asked of the pirate chief.

"Enough to blow you out of the water if you attempt to board her," was the reply.

But they had heard that only two were left on board, and therefore resolved to make the effort to secure possession.

Leaving Tonga in charge of the prisoners, and telling the natives to pitch in and eat the roast beef, Philip took twenty of his body guard, divided them into two parties, placing one under Burns and commanding the other himself, set out in two canoes to capture the *Terror*.

Burns took the starboard and Philip the larboard side, and made no answer when hailed by the two men on board, but commenced scrambling up the sides of the brig as fast as they could, pouring over the deck like so many rats.

True to sailor instincts one of the pirates ran to one of the guns, a long brass 24-pounder, and fired it, as a signal to the captain and crew on shore.

But he was cut down ere the echoes of the cannon had ceased reverberating, and Philip was in full possession of the vessel.

"Hooray—hooray—hooray!" yelled Burns, wildly dancing about the deck, throwing up his palm leaf hat, and otherwise acting like a young child in his excessive joy; "commodore, we have a navy now, and can sail the sea again!"

Philip was so overcome that he was compelled to sit down and compose himself. The thought that now he could return to his native land after twenty years among the savages, seemed so like a dream that he could not realize it at first.

While Philip was sitting there Burns ran below into the captain's state room, which was luxuriously fitted up, and there discovered two young women cowering and trembling as if in dread of something.

His uncouth appearance, being only half-clad in goat skins, of course alarmed them.

"Don't jump overboard, ladies," he said. "No harm shall come to you, for we know you are not pirates!"

"Pirates!" exclaimed the elder of the two, springing to her feet. "Are you not a pirate?"

"Shiver my timbers, lass, but I've killed five bloody pirates to night, and now we've got the ship!"

With a cry of joy she ran forward, and threw her arms around his neck, while the younger one wept for joy.

"Belay there!" cried the honest old sailor, wiping tears from his eyes. "I've sprung a leak!"

"Oh, you have saved us!" cried the elder, dropping down on a luxurous sofa, and bursting into a flood of tears.

Burns wheeled around, and ran back up on deck.

"Commodore!" he cried. "Two lasses for passengers below!"

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Philip instantly sprang to his feet, and ran below, leaving Burns in charge of the deck.

"Ladies," he cried, bursting into the cabin, "you are safe. The pirates are either all dead or prisoners."

"Thank God!" they both cried, still weeping for joy.

"How came you here?" he asked, approaching the eldest of the two.

"We were captured a week ago, and all the crew and passengers murdered but us—sister and me. Our poor father was made to walk a plank into the sea before our eyes. The chief kept us for himself, he said. Is he dead, sir?"

"No; he is my prisoner, though."

"Oh, thank Heaven for that. He can't get away, sir?"

"No—not alive."

"How in the world did you capture such a fierce lot of men?"

"Lady, I have been twenty years castaway on that island out there, wrecked in the ill-fated *Aurora*. I saved some guns and ammunition out of the wreck. The noise of the guns and the execution they did made the natives believe I was the god of thunder and lightning, so they chose me to be their chief when the old chief died, and here I have been ever since. I have a companion, the one you saw in here just now. We saw to-day that this vessel was a pirate, and so planned to capture it. We surprised and captured the crew on shore to-night, and then came out to the vessel and overpowered the guard."

"Oh, Heaven be praised," and the two sisters seemed too happy to contain themselves.

"Make yourselves perfectly comfortable in your minds," said Philip. "I have twenty natives on board, but they are faithful fellows who will do you no harm. As soon as we can train enough of them to assist us in managing the brig, we will set sail for New York and leave this part of the world forever."

"Can't we go ashore to-night, sir?"

"No; I don't think it would be prudent to do so. I will remain myself with a strong guard, and to-morrow you can go and see the natives."

"We can go on deck, can we not?"

"Oh, yes; to every part of the ship you like."

When they reached the deck, Philip saw that Burns had thrown the two dead pirates over to the sharks and washed up the blood.

The dark, swarthy natives stood on either side like so many statues, holding their guns as though they were part of themselves.

The full moon revealed the dusky savages to the two rescued maidens, and the sight filled them with fear, as they were naked except a breech clout which each wore.

"Have no fear, ladies," said Philip. "Those fellows would lay down their lives for you. They are my body guards who have fought in a hundred battles with natives on the neighboring islands, and never lost a fight."

"Dear me, they must be very brave!"

"They know not what fear is. I have only to tell them to charge, and they would march into a sea of flame."

Philip then spoke to the guard in their native tongue, with which he was now pretty familiar, and told them that they were Boloo women.

The guards instantly laid down their arms, prostrated themselves on the deck and placed the pretty slippered feet of the two sisters on their necks.

"There!" said Philip. "That makes them your slaves for life. You can trust them after that."

"What a strange people they are!"

"Yes, and if they could be civilized they would make a good people, too, as I have found some splendid traits of character among them. But, ladies, do you know if there are any clothes on board that will fit my comrade and myself?"

"I think the pirate chief has a very fine wardrobe," said the younger sister, "as I noticed he wore several different suits in the last few days."

Philip then went down into the captain's cabin and to his private quarters, and broke open his chest. There he found plenty of fine clothing, rich uniforms of naval officers of various nations, and many splendid jewels.

He resolved to put on the uniform of the British navy—that of an admiral, resplendent in gold and velvet, with sword, hat and plume to match.

When he had done that he took a pair of scissors, trimmed his beard to a decent shape, and then requested the elder of the two sisters to cut his hair. She did so, and a handsomer-looking man was never seen on the deck of any ship.

When he went on deck wearing a pair of boots which he found in the chief's quarters, though two sizes too large for him, Burns did not know him until he spoke.

"Shiver my timbers, admiral!" cried the old tar, "but ye deserve promotion for your capture!"

"Go below, captain, and put on your uniform," said Philip, pleasantly, "and then we'll go ashore."

"Is it a captain I am!" cried Burns, in a glorious humor, and he darted below to once more get into the habiliments of civilization.

Philip went down and assisted him, taking the scissors and trimming his hair and beard to the proper length, finding a pair of huge bucanneer boots and a brilliant uniform for him, sword, hat and plume, in all of which he stalked on deck as proud as a peacock.

The guard looked on these transformations with undisguised astonishment, which Philip and the ladies enjoyed with relish.

"Take half the guard, mate," said Philip, "and keep a close lookout till I return; I must go ashore and see what is going on there."

CHAPTER XXII

A WHOLESALE EXECUTION.

TELLING the two ladies that they would be safe under Burns, he went over the side of the brig into the large canoe, followed by ten of the body-guard, and pulled for the shore.

When he stepped ashore in all the glory of his brilliant uniform, the dumbfounded natives fell back out of his way, gazing upon him as a god who had suddenly dropped into their midst.

Not until he spoke, and they recognized his voice, did they know who he was. Such a change in one's appearance would have deceived a mother.

They all fell prostrate before him in idolatrous adoration, and the pirate chief, bound and helpless, swore furiously at him in choice Spanish profanity.

Suddenly Natai rushed through the crowd, caught Philip by the arm, and gazed earnestly into his eyes by the light of the great fire, as if to assure herself that he was really her husband, asking tremulously:

"Pheelip—Pheelip?"

"Yes, Natai, I am Philip," he answered, tenderly, at which she threw herself at his feet, and clasped him around the knees.

He raised her up and kissed her before the assembled multitude, at which she seemed proud, deliberately walking around among her less favored sisters, that they might see and envy her.

Going over to where the pirate chief was bound, with others of his crew, he said:

"I have full possession of the brig. You shall have a fair trial to-morrow."

"Before whom?"

"Before me."

"By what right will you try me?"

"By the same right that you captured and scuttled vessels on the high seas. There are two witnesses on board, you know."

The interpreter repeated every word faithfully, and each understood the other.

"Tonga, see that these men do not escape. If they attempt to talk to you or anybody else, run 'em through with your pike."

He knew that Tonga would not hesitate to obey to the letter.

In less than ten minutes after Philip turned away to walk up the hill, one of the pirates undertook to offer a bribe to Tonga to release them. The fierce chieftain immediately ran him through the body, and after that none dared open their mouths.

Philip returned to the brig an hour later, and remained there all night, rising early the next morning to preside at the trial of the pirates.

He sent Burns off to Tonga to tell him to bring the prisoners on board, and in an hour they were on the deck of the vessel they were masters of the day before, bound and helpless.

Appointing Burns interpreter, as he could speak Spanish quite fluently, Philip had the pirate chief brought before him for trial.

"I demand to be taken to port and tried by the proper legal tribunal," said the chief.

"Of course you would accord that right to any of your prisoners?" Philip asked.

"They never asked for a trial," he replied.

"But they begged their lives of you, did they not?"

He made no reply.

"My father begged his life at his hands!" cried one of the young ladies, coming forward, "and so did I, on my knees, yet he made my poor father walk off a plank into the sea before my eyes."

"Did you do that?" Philip asked, and Burns repeated.

The pirate made no response.

"Executioner, is the noose ready?"

"Ay, sir," replied Burns.

"String him up, then."

Burns slipped a noose over the wretch's neck, and gave the end of the rope to Tonga's men.

At a signal from Philip, the natives ran forward, and the body of the pirate chief ascended high up towards the yard arm, where it writhed and squirmed in death throes until finally it stiffened out and was still.

"So much for a pirate!" cried Philip. "Cut him down and let the sharks have him!"

"Thank Heaven, my poor father is avenged!" cried the elder of the two sisters, turning away after witnessing the execution of the chief of the piratical crew, and going below.

The other prisoners fell on their knees and begged piteously for their lives, but Philip turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. One of them begged him to give him his ear a moment.

"See what he has to say," said Philip to Burns.

Burns listened to his whispers and said:

"He says he will show us where the chief has his treasure buried if you will spare his life and leave him on some island where he will be willing to take his chances of escaping."

"I will do that. Put him in irons and string up the others," and going below Philip left Burns and Tonga to complete the execution.

When he returned on deck an hour later the pirates were gone, their bodies having been cast into the sea as soon as dead. The one who had been spared on account of his secret was put in irons and placed in the hold with two guards to watch him.

"Now we can throw care to the winds, ladies," said Philip, as he led them on deck to show them the beauties of Tohaio as it lay before them like a green oasis in the desert of the water around it.

"Dress yourself in your gayest colors and we will go ashore to see the natives. They will give us a grand reception, for they think we are gods instead of mere mortals. Burns, fire a broadside with all the cannon on board, and that will wake 'em up still more."

"Ay, sir, that it will," and in a few minutes the roar of eight or ten brass cannons made the echoes roll for miles over land and sea, after which Philip and the ladies entered the brig's life-boat, manned by Tonga and twenty of his best rowers, and in a few minutes more they were on the beach.

The gay dresses of the two ladies were the wonder and admiration of the women of Tohaio. Not one would go close enough to touch them except Natai, who advanced to Philip's side as if to assert her right as his wife to be there.

She was just about the size of the elder of the two sisters, and Philip thought how pleased she would be to have a dress like hers, and therefore asked for one.

"Yes, I have several," replied the grateful maiden. "But who is this woman?"

"She is the princess of this island and the mother of my eight children," he replied, frankly.

"Your wife, then?"

"According to the customs of these people, she is."

"I cannot blame you, sir," and she gave her hand to Natai, who took it and kissed it

A grand Thrilling Tale commences Next Week. Don't fail to read it.

During the day the maidens sang and danced before them, and quite a laugh was raised by the sight of Burns' dozen wives and thirty young children.

"Ugh! the old Turk!" exclaimed the younger of the two sisters, "I wouldn't dare look at him again."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

When the ladies had seen all that was to be seen on the island, they returned to the brig and took the captain's cabin, which Philip generously assigned to them, and made themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

A thorough search of the pirate chief's effects disclosed the fact that he had concealed many very valuable jewels, mostly diamonds, of which the crew knew nothing. These Philip agreed to divide equally with Burns, the old sailor, on their arrival in New York.

"Now, mate," he said to the old sailor, "we've got to have more sailors than ourselves to get us home. You are a better sailor than I am. You know how many men we will need. Pick out enough good, strong, active fellows, and we'll train them how to handle the brig. You must take charge of and pull her through. I have a fortune at home awaiting me, and I'll buy her when the government sells her, and make you captain of her."

The old sailor broke down at this, and wept like a child.

"I'll pull her through, commodore," he said, and Philip said no more to him about it, but left him in full charge. In a few days the old man had a crew of nine Tohaios on board, teaching them the name of everything pertaining to a ship; sending them aloft, furling and unfurling sails.

In a week's time Philip concluded to take a sail around the island, and took Natai and her children with him.

The new crew acted splendidly, and Burns said he believed he could make the voyage with them. But Philip thought they had better see a month's service on board before undertaking it.

In the meantime he took a dozen canoes, and went over to his old home on the island, and brought away everything that would be of use to the Tohaios. He gave Tonga everything except the cases of brandy, including a large quantity of powder and ball, in the use of which he had long since initiated him.

"Tonga," he said to the faithful fellow, "I am going away to be gone a long time, and you must be chief until I come back. You know what I have done to make the Tohaios great and powerful. Don't make war on any island unless in self-defense. Never let one of the guard shoot a gun except at an enemy. Kill all the sharks. Live peaceably among yourselves, and keep a good lookout for the big canoe with wings."

Tonga promised to do as he was told, knowing the Tohaios would obey him as the representative of Boloo.

When the time came for them to sail, Philip brought Natai and her children on board. The two young ladies had altered some of their dresses so as to fit her and her daughters; they also altered clothing to fit her boys, and now they appeared in the garb of civilization.

Burns having laid in water and provisions for the voyage, fired a salute and sailed away, with all the population of Tohaio gazing after them.

Taking careful observations under directions of the pirate prisoner, Burns, who commanded the vessel as sailing master, reached the little desert island where the pirates' treasure was buried. They landed, and were conducted to the spot by the prisoner. On digging down deep they found an iron chest, heavy with gold and precious stones, which they carried on board and opened. An immense fortune lay there before them.

The prisoner asked to be put ashore on an island where there were animals and fresh water, and Philip did so, giving him an ax, a hatchet, gun and ammunition, and a few other articles, telling him if he could see a sail, to claim to be a castaway, and thus get back into the civilized world again.

The man did not seem to be in the least appalled at his situation, but on the contrary, was cheerful.

The *Terror* then set sail for New York, every soul on board happy.

But when rounding the Horn, Natai suddenly sickened and died, leaving Philip and eight children to mourn her loss. Philip was really attached to her, and mourned sincerely for her. She was buried at sea.

In due time they reached New York, where Philip reported to the proper authorities, and told the story of his adventures, and the capture of the pirate vessel.

The publication of his story brought many of his old friends to see him, some whose faces he recognized, and others whose names were still remembered.

He stopped at a hotel and was about to employ a detective to hunt up his guardian and sister, when a finely-dreseed lady alighted from a carriage, entered the ladies' parlor, and asked to see him.

"Philip! brother!" cried she, as he entered the room, rushing into his arms and kissing him.

"Nellie! sister!" he murmured, holding her at arm's length and gazing into her handsome face. "Yes, you are Nellie," and pressing her to his heart, kissed her again and again.

"Uncle Philip!" cried a pretty sixteen-year-old miss, clinging to his arm, "I love you, too. I am your niece, Nellie."

"Ah, you are married, Nellie?" said Philip, kissing the young girl tenderly.

"No; I am a widow—been one for two years."

"Whom did you marry, Nellie?"

"Our guardian, Mr. Thorne."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Philip, and he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. He has kept your fortune intact, and it has more than doubled since you went away."

"Then I shall be a rich man, for I brought a fortune home with me," said Philip, good-humoredly. "But I have eight children to divide it among."

"Eight children!"

"Yes, and their mother was a princess of the blood royal."

"Oh, let me see them!" cried Nellie's daughter. "I shall be so proud of my royal cousins!"

Philip said they were still on board the *Terror*, and would come ashore as soon as the dressmakers and milliners, under the instruction of the Misses Dupont, the two sisters whom he had rescued from the pirates, could get them in presentable shape.

In a few days they came ashore, Nellie having invited them and the Misses Dupont to stay at her elegant home.

Of course, they attracted a great deal of attention, and in a month tutors were employed to teach them English.

In the meantime, Philip had the vessel sold, and also the treasure, on joint account with Burns, the sale bringing a large sum. They both presented the two sisters with $10,000 each, to indemnify them for what they had lost.

"Miss Alice," said Philip to the elder of the two sisters, "you have been a good mother to my children on the voyage. I would like to give you my whole fortune, but you would have to take me with it, which I suppose you would not like to do."

"Indeed, you are mistaken, sir," said she. "I would rather have you than the fortune," and her face flushed excitedly as she spoke.

"Then I will send for the minister at once," he said, happy beyond expression.

Nellie sent for her pastor that evening, and a quiet wedding was the result. Miss Alice Dupont became Philip's wife, and the stepmother of eight children.

Both he and Burns bought farms side by side up the Hudson, where they spend their time sailing on the river or sporting with the children of Natai and Alice, talking over the eventful period of TWENTY YEARS ON AN ISLAND.

[THE END.]

It is true that a drowning man will catch at a straw; but the puzzle is, what does he want with a straw? It isn't big enough for a life-preserver, and the man is in no position to enjoy a cobbler, even if he had one handy.

A widow, being cautioned by her minister about flirting, said she knew it was wrong for maidens and wives to flirt, but the Bible was her authority; it said "widows mite." She was flirting awfully at last accounts.

Denver Dick;

OR,

The Mystery of the Treasure Mountain.

BY CORPORAL MORGAN RATTLER,

Author of "The Danite's Revenge," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE TREASURE CAVE AT LAST—THE BLIND WOMAN'S PARTING INJUNCTION—THE FEARFUL DEATH PREPARED FOR THE TWO CONSPIRATORS—THE VOICE FROM THE STREAM—MILES TRIPLER'S JOY.

At a signal from Sidney Brant the prisoners were blindfolded again, while the lively Nellie kept up a running fire of banter, directed against her old lover, Miles Tripler.

The prisoner listened to Nellie without venturing a reply, but he vowed, in his own mind, that he would "be even with her for her sass," if he could only work out of the scrape and be at liberty once more.

While the blindfolded prisoners were led along from the tent by a narrow path, they had an opportunity of conversing some moments in whispers.

"What do you think, Miles—will they let up on us?" inquired Jake Worthy.

"Not a let up," was the reply. "We must watch our points, and make a bold break for it. Hang those handcuffs, I say."

"What do you think has become of Jack Polhemus?" continued Jake Worthy.

"Can't say, to save me. They must have laid him out, or he must have given them the slip. Hope he has, and he'll bring the fellows down on them."

"'Twill be too late," muttered Jake Worthy. "I saw death in the old fellow's eye; and that woman has vowed time and again to kill me."

"You forget that we hold one strong card in our hands, Jake," whispered Miles, in a cheerful strain.

"Aye—the boy."

"Yes—the boy. Keep a stiff upper lip to the last and defy them. They can't do anymore than kill us; and all men must die when their time comes."

Now the prisoners felt, from the brilliant lights that penetrated through the cover on their eyes, as well is from the peculiar atmosphere of the place, that they were in an illuminated cave.

"The cave at last, Jake," sang out Sidney Brant, in a voice of triumph. "Off with the bandages, and let them behold the prize they staked their lives and their souls for; and lost at that."

Exclamations of wonder and surprise burst from the prisoners as they looked around them, and for some moments their eyes were fairly dazzled by the brilliancy of the scene spread before them.

More than a hundred torches were burning in that immense mountain cave, while glittering minerals hung from the walls and the ceilings.

The cave was over fifty feet in height, about one hundred and fifty in width, and it extended under the mountain for over a mile.

The two prisoners gazed in speechless astonishment at the magnificent scene thus presented to them by their vengeful enemies; and intense silence reigned for some time, broken only by the murmuring of the stream that flowed along at some distance from where they stood.

The sprightly Nellie was the first to break the silence by exclaiming:

"Oh, isn't it wonderful! It surpasses anything ever produced on the stage. Why, it reminds one of the scenes in the Arabian nights."

Sidney Brant stood watching his prisoners, and his wife and daughter stood near him; while the others were scattered around the entrance to the cave, as if to bar the exit of those who were led there blindfolded.

"What do you think of the treasure mountain now, Jake Worthy?" cried the old gent, triumphantly, as he glared at the two villains.

"Think of it," grunted Jake Worthy. "Why, 'tis enough to drive one crazy to look at it."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Miles Tripler?" continued the old gent.

"Immense!" cried Miles, with a laugh.

"See that stream flowing on there?" continued Sidney Brant, as he pointed to the murmuring water, shining brightly in the light of the torches.

"Of course we do," said Miles Tripler.

"That stream flows over a solid bed of gold and silver," Sidney Brant went on. "And it runs on for miles through the mountain until it breaks out in the valley. Now fiends, you see what you have lost."

"And all that gold and silver," cried Miles Tripler, defiantly, "won't bring back what you have lost, you old fool."

"You mean my son, wretch?"

"I mean your son, old man," replied Miles, calmly. "Shut up, Jake. Let me do the talking, and we'll have our whack at this pile yet."

The last sentence was uttered into his companion's ear, just as the latter was about to address Sidney Brant.

"Gold will accomplish almost anything," said Sidney Brant in a firm voice. "If my son is alive, I will find him; if he is dead, we cannot bring him to life."

"But we can kill the fiends who destroyed our home and caused us so much suffering," cried the blind woman, in an angry voice.

"Kill away," cried Miles Tripler. "We'll be avenged yet, for my band will be down on you to-morrow; and then where will you be with all your treasure?"

"Were your band ten times as numerous," replied Sidney Brant, "they would not injure us—they would not find this cave. But we are wasting time in this discussion. Nellie, have you seen enough of the treasure cave for to-night?"

"I could never grow tired of looking at the treasures here, sir," replied Nellie.

"You will visit the place before many days again, my girl," said the old gent. "Please retire now with your aunt and cousin. Bid good-bye to this cruel step-father of yours, for you will never see him or your old love again in the world."

"Shut up, Jake," whispered Miles again, as he saw that his companion was about to speak. "He's only playing a game of bluff. Let me work out this thing, I tell you, and 'twill be all right yet."

"Good-bye, step-father," said Nellie. "I would save you both, if I could, though I must say that you deserve your doom."

"Hark you, Miss Nellie," returned Miles Tripler, in a gay voice. "We can die as brave men anyhow; and Nellie, we're not dead yet. Mark my words—we'll meet again ere long."

Jake Worthy turned his back on his step-daughter, muttering fierce oaths and threats, while Miles Tripler continued to smile at the girl.

At a sign from Sidney Brant, Red Hand led the blind woman and the two girls from the cave.

"Don't spare Jake Worthy, Sidney," was the parting injunction from the injured woman.

"Bring them along to the stream, friends," cried the old gent, as he led the way to the water.

The prisoners were forced along by Dick, Simon Butler, and Marfin O'Brien, until they all stood on the banks of that running stream.

"Now, fiends," cried Sidney Brant, as he faced his prisoners once more, "you stand over your own grave."

"A nice place to be buried in," said Miles Tripler, with a gay smile.

"Secure them to that post," cried the old gent.

And in a few minutes the two prisoners were secured to a strong post on the bank of the stream.

"Now, fiends," commenced the vengeful old gent, as he glared at his prisoners, "I have but a few words to say, ere I leave you to die."

"Don't preach a sermon over us," cried the defiant Miles Tripler, "unless you mean to inflict on us the worst of all deaths."

"Begor, but he's a droll one after all, Dick," said Martin O'Brien, in a low voice. "Sure, I'd be saying me prayers if I was as near me end."

Miles Tripler heard the remark, and he turned on the speaker, saying:

"You just say a prayer for me, Irish, will you? I ain't said one since I was a child."

"A truce to this nonsense," cried Sidney Brant. "Listen to me for a few moments."

"Fire ahead," cried Miles Tripler. "We're all attention."

"You know well, villains," commenced the old gent, in a stern voice, "that you deserve death at my hands. It is unnecessary to repeat all that I have suffered by your treacherous crimes."

"Quite unnecessary, old horse," cried Miles Tripler. "We burned out your house in Missouri long ago, and carried off your wife and children, because Jake here had a grudge against you. Then, when we knew that you had discovered this treasure mountain, we followed you to New York, captured you in the park, and——"

"Left me to perish in an old cellar, where the rats would devour me," interrupted Sidney Brant.

"Just so, just so," laughed Miles Tripler. "But you didn't, you know."

"But you will perish here," cried the old gent, with flashing eyes. "You left me to perish in that miserable cellar, my eyes bandaged, my mouth gagged, and limbs bound, so that I could not stir or utter a prayer even. I will be more merciful with you."

"Of course you will," interrupted Miles Tripler. "I knew you were only fooling with us all the time. You want to find that son of yours, and you want to come to terms with us. Terms is the word."

"Terms is not the word," said Sidney Brant, passionately, as he stamped on the ground. "I would not come to any terms to spare your lives, wretches, if my son was at this moment in your power, and you had daggers at his breast. I swore to be avenged on you. I swore to my injured, afflicted wife that you must die; and I will keep my oath. Listen one moment more, and I will show you how merciful I can be."

"Go on, old man," cried Miles Tripler. "I know you'll end up by talking us to death."

"You see this brilliant cave, with all its wealth," continued the vengeful old gent. "You see that stream flowing at your feet. Revel while you may in the sight of the gold that you were so eager to possess. Here you will remain, without food or water, until you perish for the want of them. I was a forgiving man until the night in the old farm-house; and when I found my poor wife, blind and crazed by your work, my resolve became as firm as yonder rock. Farewell now, Jake Worthy, for I will never look on your hateful face again in life. Farewell, ungrateful man, and forget not, in your dying moments, that I saved your life when all others left you to perish on the plains."

"Mercy!" cried Jake Worthy, as he saw that the four men were about to leave them to that fearful death.

"Shut up, Jake," said the undaunted Miles. "If we must cave in, let us be men. Sidney Brant, I defy you still; and I tell you that my gang will have revenge on you for this."

A mocking laugh rang through the mountain cave, as the four men disappeared therefrom.

The torches still burned in that brilliant apartment, the stream went on murmuring quietly, and the two conspirators were left alone.

"This is rough, Miles," said Jake Worthy, as he glared around at the brilliant scene. "To think that we should be trapped here to die after all."

"Nary die for me yet, Jake," returned the other, as he tugged away at his bonds. "Curse the fellows. They've fastened us so that we can't budge."

"Do you think they mean to let us perish here, Miles?" inquired Jake Worthy, as he also struggled to free his limbs.

"Of course they meant it, if we're fools enough to let them. That Sidney Brant is a bitter pill to think of putting us in this fix. But, by all that's wicked, we'll beat him yet."

"Bully for you, cap," cried a voice as if coming from the bottom of the stream.

"Heavens alive if that aint Jack Polhemus' voice," cried Miles Tripler.

"Hush, cap," continued the voice. "Don't rip out that way. Some of the skunks might be hanging around yet, and that would spoil my game."

"Where in the thunder are you, Jack?" inquired Miles, in a more cautious tone.

"Here I am, cap," was the reply.

Then the next moment Jack Polhemus drew his dripping body out of the stream, and stood beside his captain.

"I could yell out for joy, Jack."

"Don't do it, cap. We've got a hard road to travel yet to get out of here. Let me cut them cords, Ugh! wouldn't I like a drink of whisky."

Jack Polhemus fairly shivered as he cut the cords that bound the prisoners to the post.

"Free once more," said Miles Tripler, as he stood by the stream, and shook his limbs. "Now, to get off these darbies, and then rip into the skunks. Ah, Nellie, I told you we'd meet again before long. Jake Worthy, old fellow, didn't I tell you not to give in. This treasure cave is ours after all. How in the thunder did you work your way in here, Jack, and what became of you so suddenly when we were attacked?"

"That first is a kind of a mystery to me, cap," was the reply; "but I'll soon tell you what happened. There's your darbies off. Hold on to them, for they'll do for weapons. Now, sir, I'll work on yours." And the bold fellow commenced operations on Jake Worthy's handcuffs, as he went on to tell his story.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW JACK POLHEMUS REACHED THE CAVE—DENVER DICK FALLS INTO A TRAP—THE CONSPIRATORS AT BAY—THE STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENTS MADE BY JAKE WORTHY AND THE BLIND WOMAN.

"WHEN we were pushing along up the dark gorge," commenced Jack Polhemus, "and struck right outside here somewhere, I was looking out for squalls ahead. Then I saw a figure moving across the gorge ahead of me, and another at the side. Without saying a word, I sprang on the fellow at the side, and grabbed him by the throat."

"We didn't hear any muss, Jack," interrupted Miles Tripler, "and we thought you fell into some trap."

"So I did, cap," returned Jack, "and a confounded watery trap it was. But let me go on."

"Fire ahead, old fellow. We ain't got much time to spare, for they might be back [illegible] any moment," said Jake Worthy.

"Well, cap, I grabbed the fellow, and I had my knife raised to give it to him, when he fetched me one right here in the ribs, and sent me down flat. Before I could turn over, he fetched me a kick and sent me rolling down a bank into some water, where I sank like so much lead.

"The fellow that kicked me gave a grunt as I rolled down, and I could hear him mutter:

"'One gone. Two left now.'"

"'Twas, that infernal red devil," said Miles Tripler, with a fearful oath. "We must lay that skunk out at any rate."

"'Twas, that redskin," continued Jack Polhemus, as he pointed to his slashed coat; "and the skunks thought he finished me. But he didn't. The knife just touched the flesh, and no more."

"But how did you get in here, Jack?" inquired Miles Tripler, impatiently.

"That's just what I was going to tell you, cap. When I sank to the bottom of that water, I thought it was all up with me sure; but I made up my mind to have another try for life, and I worked for the top again. Then it was as dark as thunder when I struck the top, and I couldn't see a yard ahead of me.

"I kept a striking out, however, keeping as still as that Indian skunk on the bank watching me. I could see the stars overhead for a few minutes, and then even they were shut out from me.

"To shorten my yarn, cap, I was working right into this cavern without knowing it. And when I got in here, and saw them torches blazing, and the gold and silver flashing around me, I thought for some time that I was in the other world, and you bet I felt good."

"Then this stream leads out of the cave above here, Jack?" said Miles Tripler, with a joyous smile.

"You've only to get here to the side of the cave," replied Jack, "jump in and strike out under the water for some time, and you'll come up on the outside, near where the red devil tumbled me in. But hold on till I tell you how I made out when I found out where I was."

"Go on, Jack. Thunders, Jake, but we're in high old luck after all."

"When I commenced to realize where I was," continued Jack Polhemus, "I thought it would be the best of my play to lay low for a while, and see what would turn up. So I sat down here by the stream, taking in all I saw of this wonderful cave, till you were led in with the crowd."

"Where in the thunder did you hide then, Jack?" inquired Miles Tripler, as he looked around at the brilliantly-illuminated cave. "There's not a hiding-place around that I can see."

"There, cap," replied Jack, pointing to the stream; "when I heard you coming in, I couldn't see a hiding-place either, so I slipped back into the water, hid there under that rock, and kept shivering there until I knew from your talk that the skunks had left you to die."

"To die!" hissed Miles Tripler. "Not much this time."

"To get out and kill every sucker of them this night," said Jake Worthy, with a fierce oath.

"Hist!" said Jack Polhemus. "Here's some one at the entrance again. Will we fight our way out now, cap, or wait to see what they're after?"

"Wait," said Miles Tripler, "just slip the bracelets on one hand, Jake, and stand here by the post, as they left us. Fix us with the cords, Jack, and then slip back into the stream. Now, we'll see what we can make out of the fellow. Let me lead again, Jake."

"All right, Miles."

The men stood by the post, bound there, to all appearance, as they had been a short time before, and Jack Polhemus was enjoying another cold bath.

In through the cave strode Denver Dick, having secured the door, or rocky opening behind him.

The young fellow held a revolver in his hand, and he advanced to the prisoners, saying:

"You're only fooling with me, Jake Worthy," cried the young fellow. "You told me long ago that my name was Pulham, and that my father and mother were dead."

"Your name isn't Pulham," responded Jake Worthy, "and your father and mother ain't dead. Just give us a show to get out of this scrape, and I'll tell you your real name, and where you can find your people."

"I wouldn't help you to get free to save my own life," cried Denver Dick, indignantly.

"I like your pluck, young fellow," cried Miles Tripler, with a cunning smile. "Hanged if it ain't true grit, and I'm sorry we didn't take you in with us from the first. You just clap your head here to my mouth, and I'll warble something into your ear. I won't ask much of a return for it either."

"What is it?" inquired Dick.

And the anxious lad, not suspecting treachery at the hands of the bound prisoner, advanced to where Miles Tripler was standing, and placed his ear close to the latter's mouth.

"You would like to know your right name—wouldn't you, Dick?" whispered the rascal.

"You bet I would, sir."

"You would like to know where to find your people?"

"Of course, I would. I've always hankered to find some of my kin."

"And you'll do something for me when I'm gone?" inquired the treacherous villain."

"Anything I can, sir."

"Would you just take a swim then?" shouted Miles, as he struck the pistol from Dick's hand, and pushed him back into the stream. "Now, Jack, just grab that fellow by the hair and lug him here. Quick, Jake, and help Jack, and the game is ours."

And before the astonished lad could recover from that sudden assault and the dousing in the water, he was dragged out on the bank.

To force him to the ground, to gag his mouth and bind his arms, was but the work of a few moments.

The three men stood over their prisoner for a moment, and Miles Tripler held Dick's revolver in his hand.

"You can't cry out now, if you wanted to, Dick," commenced Miles Tripler, "and I'm going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. See, I hold this revolver at your head, and I'm going to take off that gag. Utter a single cry to call your friends, and you're a dead duck."

"He's a dead duck anyhow," hissed Jake Worthy. "Curse him, 'twas he blocked our whole game from the first."

"You shut up, Jake. He played square against us, and we'll give him a chance. Will you lead us quietly out of this ranche, Dick, if we spare your life."

"I'll see you hanged first," was Dick's firm reply. "And you just bet you can't get out of here without meeting those who'll lay you out."

"Very well, my young friend. Now—what in the thunder is that, Jack?"

"Some one sneaking out of the cave," replied Jack

as he sprang forward. "Hanged if it isn't that infernal red cuss, and no mistake."

At that moment a peculiar signal was heard outside the cave, and the three men turned to face the entrance, Miles Tripler still holding the revolver at Dick's head.

"Ha, villains," cried Sidney Brant, rushing into the cave, followed by Simon Butler, Martin O'Brien, and the three females. "You thought to escape us. Cover them with your rifles, friends."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE was born near Lexington, Kentucky, on the 21st of January, 1832. His grandfather, John Breckinridge, was an attorney-general under Jefferson, and a United States Senator from Kentucky in 1801. His uncle, John Breckinridge, D. D., was a man remarkable for his controversial skill, and who, although a strenuous opponent of the abolition propagandists, manfully sustained the cause of the Union. His nephew, after a collegiate and legal education, removed to Iowa to practice law; but soon returned to his native state, where, after marrying Miss Birch, of Georgetown, he established himself as a lawyer in Lexington, and acquired an eminent position in his profession.

On the breaking out of the war with Mexico, Breckinridge was chosen a major of Kentucky volunteers, but he had little opportunity of seeing active service, though his legal ability was called into requisition as a defender of General Pillow in the course of the numerous courts-martial in which that litigious officer became a party, in consequence of disputes with his superiors and subordinates.

After the war Mr. Breckinridge was elected a member of Congress from Kentucky, and he displayed remarkable aptitude as a debater. In 1851 he was again elected, after a severe electioneering contest with General Leslie Coombs. At the next election his perseverance and tact as a candidate for popular suffrage were still more tried, but with the same success, resulting in a triumph over his competitor, Governor Robert Letcher, after a violent struggle.

On the accession of President Pierce, Mr. Breckinridge was offered the appointment of minister to Spain, which he declined, and Mr. Pierre Soule, of Louisiana, was chosen. In 1856 Breckenridge was elected Vice-President of the United States, the youngest man who had ever been chosen, (being only 24 years of age), and entered upon his office the 4th of March, 1857. As president of the Senate, he gave general satisfaction by the impartiality and dignity with which he ruled over that august body. During the last year of his vice-presidency, he was nominated by the Southern faction of the Democratic party, a candidate for the presidency. On the inauguration of Lincoln, Breckinridge returned to Kentucky, and he was elected Senator of the United States. After serving during the extra session of Congress called by President Lincoln, when he evidently strove, by factious opposition, to embarrass the Federal Government in the conduct of the war, he, while still a senator, openly defied the national authority by joining the ranks of its enemies.

Breckenridge was an active and shrewd politician, a vigorous and plausible debater, and a showy rhetorician. His eulogy on Henry Clay, to whom he was politically opposed, was much admired for its brilliancy of expression and impartiality of spirit.

ADJOURNING.—A Yankee paper alludes to a dog which, after howling an hour in front of the editor's house, had to adjourn for repairs.

THINGS MEANT TO BE FUNNY.

WANTS.—Wanted, a piece of the equinoctial line. A skein of the thread of life. A bucketful of the waters of oblivion. The identical tale Hamlet's ghost was prohibited to unfold. A small shovelful of the dust of ages. A slab from the marble halls the "Bohemian Girl" dreamt that she lived in. The brass mouth-piece of the trumpet of Fame. The eye of a superficial observer. The one string Nero played an overture on when Rome was burning. The identical tub used in the philosophical spec. of Diogenes. The razor Demosthenes shaved his head with. Model of the machine for measuring the flight of Fancy.

A FELONIOUS GOAT.—She testified before the magistrate that "dot pilly-goats shoost vas a—a—vell, I vas vashing py some clodings of a pig tub, and them gotes coom up pehind und—vell, shuge, I don't ken told you dot vas. I feel me someding pehind my pack, und shump over der tub und sthand me on my head up mit dot tub's pottom up, und der clodings sphilt shoost like me, und dem gotes vink at me mid von eyes und vag his tails of mine face, und valk out py his pehind legs like a man, und I can't sit me down cood any more already." The goat was fined one (s)cent, which he left behind.

THIS note from a Chicago girl to her lover was made public through a lawsuit: "Dear Sam'e, come and bring some poetry like you brought afore, with heaps more about them waving ringlets and other sweet things. My love for you will ever flow like water down a tater row. Come next Sunday, and don't lule me."

DURING the battle of Bull Run, a brigadier general discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, and ordered him to join his regiment. The man, looking him full in the face, placed his thumb upon his nose and replied: "No you don't, old fellow; you want this hole yourself."

A YALE graduate may thoroughly understand Greek grammar, but when he comes to fill his big meerschaum pipe and finds his tobacco-box empty, his disappointment is just as keen as if he had never studied anything but English composition all the days of his life.

CHARLES MATHEWS excused himself from playing at Brough's benefit, as he had a previous engagement. "I cannot split myself into two halves," said he, laughing. "I don't know that," replied Lionel, "I have seen you play in two pieces."

"How much are those tearful bulbs by the quart?" asked a maiden of a Fulton Market grocer, the other morning. He stared at her a moment as if bewildered, but soon recovered himself and bluffly said: "Oh, them inyuns? Twenty cents."

SWEET HOME.—"Home's the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of going out at night. "That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

LORD NELSON, when a boy, used to make little boats and sail them in his mother's buttermilk pans; but it was only after she caught him at it that he run off and resolved to be a pirate.

JOHNNY is just beginning to learn geography. He says that the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so because it is marked on the map.

A Sunday-school scholar in Harlem was requested to learn "Matthew xv, 13 14," when he astounded the teacher by jumping up with the exclamation: "Can't be done; 'tain't in the blocks!"

"Yis, yer riverence, all thim names he called me, an', sis I: 'I wouldn't demane meself to lose me timper wid such a low blaggard,' so I jist knocked him over wid the stick and come away."

"We can't all of us be great," remarked a seedy, but benevolent philosopher. "Some of us have got to run peanut stands, or children would grow up comparatively unused to luxuries."

An exchange prints a touching little episode on what a child's kiss could do. The current belief in this matter is, that it could get a man's mustache all molasses and milk and stuff.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, &c.

A gentleman having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple *self cure* for Nervous Debility, Spermatorrhœa, Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decay, Lost Manhood, The Errors of Youth, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and all Diseases of the Urinary Organs; which he will be pleased to forward on receipt of stamped-addressed envelope. Address:—HENRY DAVIS, ESQ., COPFORD LODGE, CHICHESTER PLACE, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX. (Name this paper).

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TO MARRIED LADIES.

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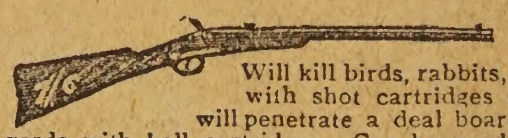

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